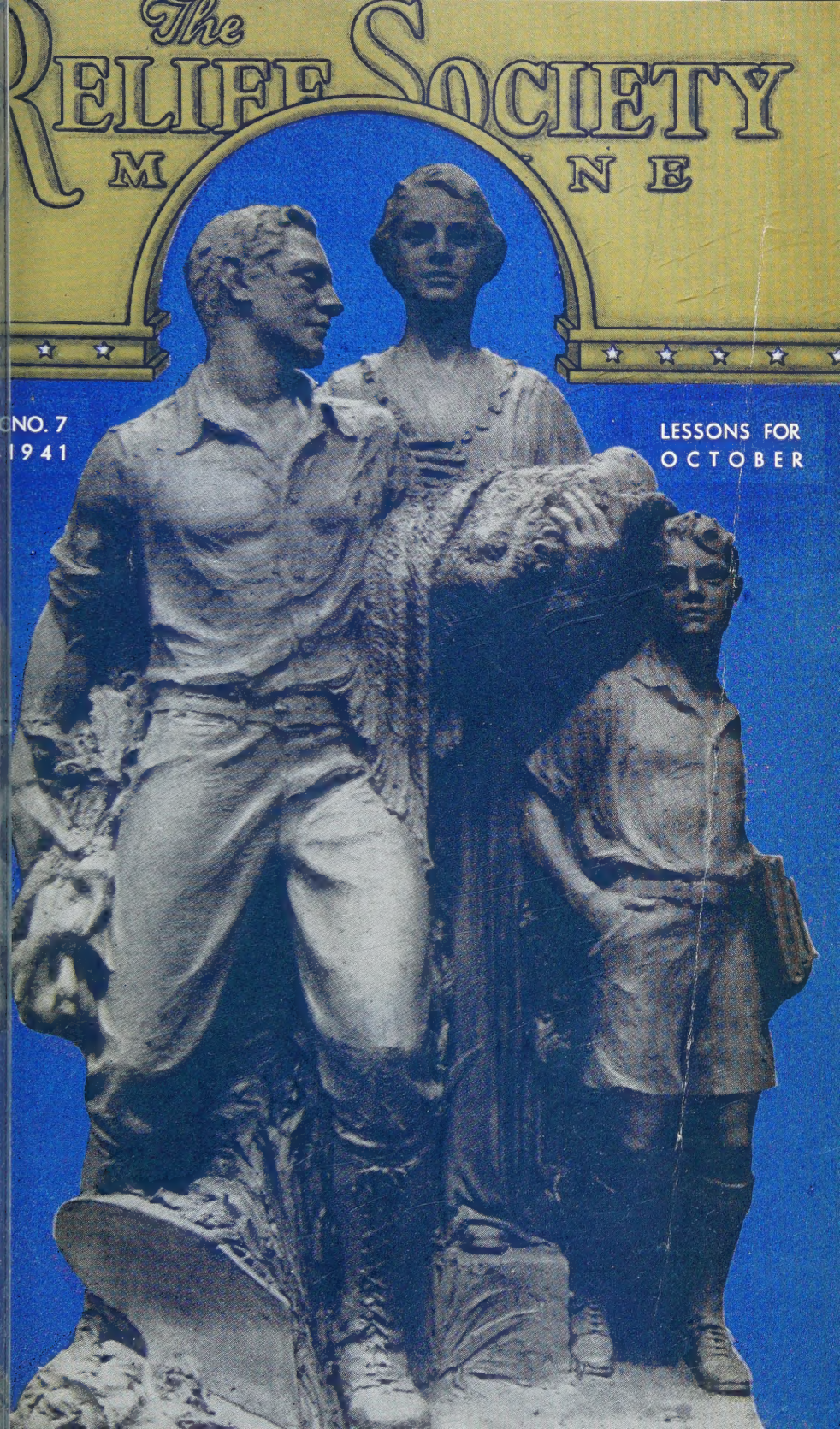
The RELIEF SOCIETY M N E



NO. 7
1941

LESSONS FOR
OCTOBER

THE COVER

New Frontiers . . .

By Avard Fairbanks

THE Pioneers faced a frontier which demanded struggle, sacrifice and sorrow, but still they pressed on. Out in the West a culture charged with spirituality of mind, with idealism in the building of healthy and strong bodies, and with plans for a splendid system of social organization was fostered by the pioneer forefathers. Have the sons and daughters of these hardy people lost sight of the vision and foresight of their ancestors? We cannot falter, for today we have new frontiers to conquer.

The group of sculpture representing "New Frontiers," composed and placed in the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago, was so created to show that in our progress and development there are new frontiers for the descendents of the Pioneers.

In the arrangement of this particular group of sculpture, the mother is placed in an elevated position—symbolic of our American concept of the mother. She is the center about which the family life is grouped. She is honored, and it is her husband's desire to keep her thus. She seeks the refinements of life. She looks forward. She senses and feels the living development and the great future beyond. It is her duty to guide and direct the children toward futures of high purpose.

The courageous and strong husband provides for the physical necessities of life. It may be noticed that in his right hand he grasps the vegetables and fruits of the fields. He cultivates or provides that which gives sustenance to his family. In his left hand he supports the child. It is the great responsibility of true manhood to sponsor, uphold and protect life.

The young boy at the opposite side of the group is shown with his books in his hand. He, as a symbol of youth, sees new fields of activity as a result of his learning. He is to carry on the culture of his progenitors

As our religious teachings point out that progress is eternal and that "the glory of God is intelligence," we must realize that we cannot come to the end of the horizon. It is constantly expanding and enlarging with our increased vision and activities.

This group of sculpture through its tranquility and its dignity manifests that the youth of today seeks to further advance the culture established by the great Pioneers. The youth of today also will take on responsibilities of life. With force and energy it too will struggle and sacrifice and meet courageously its "New Frontiers."

Editor's Note: "New Frontiers," composed by Avard Fairbanks, is now in the Church museum, Temple Square, Salt Lake City. Art work on this month's cover is by Evan Jensen.

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The Relief Society Magazine

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 28 JULY, 1941 No. 7

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Frontiers

Zina Woolf Hickman

Our fathers trekked the melancholy plains,
Trailed buffalo, fought Indians, tamed frontiers;
No mountain loomed too high to thwart their aims
No desert cowed them with its lack of rains,
Imperiled valor or gave birth to fears;
Theirs was a heritage of dauntless years,
Invincible their antecedent strains;
Yet was their potent strength dissolved to tears
In the stained mortar of another's grief,
When Death's relentless pestle ground the sheaf.

Sing Ageless Spirit,
Mentor of Time's heart,
The deathless lay of the pioneer
Will tax your minstrel art.

Like willow rooted near adventurous stream,
Holding its turbulence from overflow,
Our gentle mothers bent their hearts' trireme
To Life's full flood; to them it did not seem
A woman had another way to go.
Yet if for all their pains there were to show
A healthy brood that won mankind's esteem,
A home well ordered and a hearth aglow,
Why then the flood might bear their barque away,
So at the end they still had strength to pray.

Sing Ageless Spirit,
Weaver of Earth's runes,
String through your tapestry of song
The pearls of Mother tunes.

Our parents were the very salt of earth,
From their deep furrows **our** frontiers arise;
Let not our flaming banners fan a dearth
Of human values they were wont to prize;
Let not our love of intellectual gains,
Our science and our art, defer the goal
Their sovereignty and their untiring pains
Set for the evolution of the soul.
From dead men's hopes each generation seems
To build the ladder that supports its dreams.

Sing Ageless Spirit,
Welder of men's dreams,
From the prototype our fathers forged,
Cement the newer themes.

MAIN STREET 1941

The
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. 28 JULY, 1941 No. 7

The Settlement Of Salt Lake Valley

Feramorz Y. Fox

President, L. D. S. College

ONE of the first concerns of the company of Mormon pioneers that reached Salt Lake Valley in July 1847 was to put in crops. Though it was already nearer harvest than planting time, they went to work hopefully and with great industry. On July 23, after a prayer of gratitude and dedication, an organization was effected to begin plowing. During the day three plows were broken in the hard-baked soil. After a dam was built and the waters of City Creek were turned upon the land, the work proceeded with greater success. Eight days later Colonel Markham who had been placed in charge of the plowing reported a total of fifty-three acres plowed in three lots of land. Thirteen plows and three harrows or drags had been used during the week. Thirty-six acres had been planted to buckwheat, corn, oats, potatoes, beans, and garden seeds. Three acres of corn was already above the ground and some beans and potatoes were beginning to show. By August tenth, eighty-three acres had been plowed and planted, and the men and teams released to other labors. Little was obtained from these plantings. Cattle consumed all, including potato vines. Nevertheless, a supply of small potatoes from the size of a pea to that of a marble was harvested and successfully used for seed the next season.

Meanwhile plans for a city were laid after the pattern of the Prophet Joseph's plat of Zion City, with streets eight rods wide and blocks of ten-acres. Under direction of members of the Twelve, who had been sustained by a vote of the camp to act as a supervising committee, Orson Pratt and Henry G. Sherwood, using instruments that had been brought from abroad by John Taylor, completed in eighteen days the survey known today as Plat A.

With the planting of vegetables well-advanced, and while the survey continued, attention was turned to the provision of shelter. The presence of Indians in the Valley prompted the construction of a fort. One of the ten-acre squares, now the Pioneer Park, was selected for this purpose. Obtaining building materials presented a new problem. East of the Missouri River timber had been so plentiful that land had frequently to be cleared for farming. The construction of a house was relatively a simple matter. But there was no timber in the Salt Lake Valley.

There were supplies in the canyons, at distances of five to twenty-five miles, but to get at these in quantity would require a good deal of road building. • In Winter Quarters some houses had been built of sod. Even this was not available. The grasses of arid lands are too thin to hold the soil together. A little west of the site selected for the fort extensive clay-beds were found. It was therefore decided to construct the fort of logs and adobes, the making of which had probably been learned from the Mexicans by the Battalion boys.

At this time the Mormon colony numbered about 400, comprising, in addition to the pioneer company of 148, a company of Mississippi Saints that had wintered at Pueblo and many members of the Mormon Battalion who had been detached on account of illness and sent back to Pueblo. Scouts from these groups had intercepted the Pioneers, whereupon arrangements were immediately made to have them follow to the valley of the Salt Lake. This increase in numbers greatly facilitated the labors of laying the foundations of the new settlement. While some busied themselves getting out logs from the canyons, others were molding "dobies" of substantial proportions, eighteen inches long, nine inches wide, and four and one-half inches thick. On the tenth of August the actual laying of the walls of the fort began. The walls of the fort

"were twenty-seven inches thick and nine feet high on the outer side. It was built as a construction of huts joined together in rectangular form around the outside of the ten acres on which it stood. The east side was built of logs, and the three other sides of adobe walls.

"The roofs slanted but slightly inward, and were made of brush covered with earth. Each house had a loophole facing the outside and a door and windows facing the interior. The main entrances, which were on the east and west sides of the stockade, were carefully guarded by heavy gates, which were locked at night."

In the construction of these houses the Church leaders labored with the rest when conditions permitted. Brigham Young started four houses (rooms); Heber C. Kimball, five; Willard Richards, two; and so forth, around the square. After the departure of the Pioneers at the end of August to return to Winter Quarters, the work on the dwellings was continued by those left behind and the large companies that arrived during the late fall. Six months later it was officially reported that 423 houses had been constructed. The original fort was extended north and south by the addition of other squares. Houses were fourteen feet wide and up to eighteen feet in length.

The provision of a supply of breadstuffs to become available when the temporary stocks brought across the plains should become exhausted next occupied the attention of the leaders. It was planned to break up hundreds of acres to be planted to grain within a common enclosure. The fencing of individual holdings would have been impossible. The plowing, it was decided, would be deferred until the arrival of the hundreds of Saints expected within a few weeks, when more teams, equipment, and labor would become available and when the ground would be moist with fall rains. "I would rather," said President Young, "fence a block of the acres and have a crop, than plant a hundred acres for the cattle to destroy."

WITH customary foresight the Church leaders before returning to Winter Quarters to arrange for the bringing of their families and others of the Saints to the Valley, anticipated the need for local government. The pattern already existed, one to which the Church members were accustomed. At a conference on August 22, it was proposed and generally agreed to that there be appointed a local presidency of three, and a high council of twelve. The appointive power rested with the Twelve, but as they were not sure of the personnel of the companies then on the plains, they chose to defer the appointments until that information could be had. On the twenty-sixth of August, a little more than a month after their arrival in Salt Lake Valley, the Church leaders departed for Winter Quarters with a party comprising 108 men.

On their way eastward they met over 1500 Saints moving toward the Valley under the leadership of John Smith, Parley P. Pratt, and John Taylor, by whom they sent an epistle setting forth in detail the wishes of the Church authorities in regard to the government and activities of the colony until they should themselves return the following season. In this interesting document, John Smith was nominated to be president, and though he was given the right to choose his counselors, Charles C. Rich and John Young were suggested. Members of the High Council were nominated. The High Council was charged with the duty of passing and enforcing laws and ordinances essential to the peace, prosperty, and protection of the colony. It was urged that the fort be completed, and the suggestion was offered that the land within the fort be allotted to the respective families for the planting of gardens. The entire document is characteristic of the care with which Mormon leaders directed the temporal affairs of their people.

The companies to whom these instructions were given reached the Valley late in September and increased the population to 1671 souls. The organization suggested was effected at a conference held on the first Sunday in October. As though nature were conspiring to assist the colonists to become firmly rooted in the new environment, the first winter proved most favorable. Mild temperatures prevailed and there were no accumulations of deep snows. Livestock flourished on the open range. Food for the winter had been brought across the plains, the cereals in the wagons and the meat on the hoof. Though the crops planted in July and August had failed, the most careful rationing of supplies enabled the colonies to subsist through the winter.

Meanwhile they worked diligently at putting in grain. A field was marked off for plow land and while some plowed others fenced. Members of the Council and others whose time was absorbed in public service were each allotted fifteen acres of plowed land. The enclosure of 5133 acres included about three-fifths of the city plat (Plat A) and the lands south and east of the city for several miles. In this field 872 acres were sown to winter wheat, the balance being reserved for spring and summer crops. In due season extensive plantings of corn, buckwheat, potatoes, and a variety of vegetables were grown.

An interesting and effective organization for carrying on the agricultural work was developed. The control units during the journey on the plains had been arranged in military order. The large companies were divided into hundreds, each hundred into fifties, and each fifty into tens. Over each unit was a captain. Parley P. Pratt, at a conference, October 24, suggested the maintenance of the units and the division of the lands to them for cultivation. There must have been forty or fifty tens in the colony. To each ten and to each member of the ten was appointed as much land as could be successfully cared for with available man power and equipment. The average was not less than ten acres to the man.

While the farmers were busy plowing, mechanics were occupied with other important activities. Charles Crismon has the honor of erecting the first grist mill, a hastily constructed affair put together to grind the grain set aside for use the first winter. One sawmill in operation and two or three others under construction were reported by the Presidency of the High Council in March, 1848. The manufacture of kitchen chairs, tables, beds, tubs, churns, and a few bureaus was noted.

The various building operations requiring wood, fences, cabins, bridges, and furniture, together with the cuttings for fuel, made a serious draft on the nearest supplies of timber. Trails were soon made to limited supplies in Red Butte Canyon, six miles east, and at the mouth of Little Cottonwood, about twenty miles southeast of the Pioneer camp. Cutting was carefully regulated by order of the High Council. A Timber, Fuel, and Pole Committee was appointed. This committee took an inventory of wood and timber supplies on February 10, 1848, and reported as on hand, 202 loads of wood, 2696 fence poles, 196 covering poles, 306 house logs, and 118 saw logs.

A propitious winter was followed by an ominous spring. Trouble began with the cold and storms in March, which were hard to endure after the mild weather of mid-winter. At the end of the month a foot of snow fell, and when it thawed the water ran through the flat-roofed houses and drenched clothes and bedding. The cold retarded the growth of grains and some began to fear crop failure. "We trust," writes Isaac Haight in his diary, "that the Lord who brought us here, will sustain us and not permit us to perish." Conditions were brighter a month later, but not for long. Killing frosts occurred twice in May, destroying the buckwheat and most of the garden crops, beans, melons, cucumbers, pumkins, squash. June brought drought and crickets—crickets in such numbers that the crops disappeared before their devouring hunger at an alarming rate until the gulls came to augment the efforts of the desperate Saints in saving the grain.

Before the harvest, however, real privation occurred. Food supplies were rigidly rationed and augmented by thistle and sego roots and rawhide soup. Special provision was made for the destitute through the appointment, on the authority of the High Council, of two bishops, Edward Hunter and Tarleton Lewis, to receive donations, buy, sell, exchange, and distribute, so that none would starve. Many who had run

short of food supplies had brought a variety of articles—utensils, harnesses, extra clothing, books—which were exchanged through the bishops for food.

Harvesting of grain began the middle of July. Though the yield was far below original expectations, the Saints acknowledged their gratitude in a day of feasting and thanksgiving. The celebration is thus described by a participant:

"On the tenth of August we held a public feast under a bowery in the center of our fort. This was called a harvest feast; we partook freely of a rich variety of bread, butter, cheese, cakes, pastry, green corn, melons, and almost every variety of vegetable. Large sheaves of wheat, rye, barley, oats, and other productions were hoisted on poles for public exhibition, and there was prayer and thanksgiving, congratulations, songs, speeches, music, dancing, smiling faces, and merry hearts. In short, it was a great day with the people of these valleys, and long to be remembered by those who had suffered and waited anxiously for the results of a first effort to redeem the interior deserts of America, and to make her hitherto unknown solitudes 'blossom as the rose.'"

THE most significant event of the second year was the arrival of the leader Brigham Young and his company of immigrants on September 20, 1848, followed shortly by other companies under Heber C. Kimball, Amasa M. Lyman, and Willard Richards. A period of vigorous activity at once ensued. City lots and farm lands were distributed by lot and many of the Saints moved out of the fort to build on their individual holdings. By October settlements had extended several miles out from Salt Lake City.

The second winter was a trying one. Killing frosts, drought, and destruction by cattle, resulted in serious crop shortage. The brethren had been insufficient in numbers to fight crickets, irrigate crops, and fence the farm lands that had been planted. Low temperatures and severe storms found the people inadequately prepared, especially for the care of the cattle. Misled by the open winter of the preceding year, and under pressure of heavy labors to provide houses and prepare lands for farming, little feed had been stored. The cattle had a hard time of it, but came through surprisingly well. There was also a spring scarcity of bread-stuffs. An inventory taken by the bishops in early February, 1849, revealed about three-fourths of a pound per day for each person until July 5. Resort to sego and thistle tops again became general. In June, no corn or wheat was available at any price, and potatoes had gone off the market at twenty dollars a bushel.

Public works were pushed vigorously in 1849. Work had begun on the Council House. Roads were built and bridges constructed over the streams. The city had been divided into nineteen wards, and under the direction of the bishops each ward was enclosed "on the plan of a big field." Irrigation ditches were run to the respective wards to provide for gardens and orchards on the spacious city lots. The following picture of how things appeared to a visitor in mid-summer 1849, is worth quoting:

"The company of gold-diggers which I have the honor to command arrived here on the third instance. . . . We descended the last mountain by a passage excessively steep and abrupt, and continued our gradual descent through a narrow canyon for five or six miles, when suddenly emerging from the pass, an extensive and cultivated

valley opened before us, at the same instant that we caught a glimpse of the distant bosom of the Great Salt Lake, which lay expanded before us to the westward, at the distance of some twenty miles. . . . Extensive herds of cattle, horses, and sheep, were grazing in every direction. . . . Passing over some miles of pasture land, we at length found ourselves in a broad and fenced street, extending westward in a straight line for several miles. Houses of sun-dried brick were thickly clustered in the vale before us, some thousands in number and occupying a spot about as large as the city of New York. They were mostly small, one story high, and perhaps not more than one occupying an acre of land.

"The whole space for miles, excepting the streets and houses, was in a high state of cultivation. Fields of yellow wheat stood waiting for the harvest, and Indian corn, potatoes, oats, flax, and all kinds of garden vegetables, were growing in profusion, and seemed about in the same state of forwardness as in the same latitude in the States. . . We passed on amid scenes like these, expecting every moment to come to some commercial center, some business point in this great metropolis of the mountains, but we were disappointed. No hotel, sign-post, cake and beer-shop, barber pole, market-house, grocery, provision, dry goods, or hardware store distinguished one part of the town from another, not even a bakery or mechanic's sign was anywhere discernible.

"Here, then, was something new: an entire people reduced to a level, and all living by their labor—all cultivating the earth, or following some branch of physical industry. At first I thought it was an experiment, an order of things established purposely to carry out the principles of 'Socialism' or 'Mormonism.' In short, I thought it very much like Owenism personified. However, on inquiry, I found that a combination of seemingly unavoidable circumstances had produced this singular state of affairs. There were no hotels, because there had been no travel; no barbers' shops, because everyone chose to shave himself, and no one had time to shave his neighbour; no stores, because they had no goods to sell or time to traffic; no center of business, because all were too busy to make a center.

There was an abundance of mechanic shops, of dressmakers, milliners, and tailors, etc; but they needed no sign, nor had they time to paint or erect one, for they were crowded with business. Besides their several trades, all must cultivate the land, or die; for the country was new, and no cultivation but their own within a thousand miles. Everyone had his own lot, and built on it; everyone cultivated it, and perhaps a small farm in the distance.

"And the strangest of all was, that this great city, extending over several square miles, had been erected, and every house and fence made, within nine or ten months of the time of our arrival; while at the same time, good bridges were erected over the principal streams, and the country settlements extended nearly one hundred miles up and down the valley.

"This territory, state, or, as some term it, 'Mormon Empire,' may justly be considered as one of the greatest prodigies of the age, and, in comparison with its age, the most gigantic of all republics in existence, being only its second year since the first seed of cultivation was planted, or the first civilized habitation commenced."

As immigration continued, settlement spread out over the Valley. Colonies were led to the Cottonwood area by John Holladay and Amasa Lyman in 1848. In the same year Joseph Harker led the way "over Jordan"; Welsh converts settled at Granger in 1849. Draper and Riverton were colonized in the early "fifties." By 1852, though the population could not have exceeded 8000, Orson Hyde was saying in the October general conference:

"This valley is pretty much all taken up in farms, and the wood is all used up, which requires a man to be two days in getting a cord of wood; and during that time a man often loses his cattle, which may destroy his neighbor's gardens and incur damages. Therefore, it is best to go where the neighbors are fewer, and get the best places for farms."

By this time colonies had already

(*Continued on page 489*)

The Daily Mail

Mabel Harmer

IN one respect, at least, Saturday is a very dull day. There is only one delivery of mail, whereas on every other weekday the gray-coated letter carrier brings his bag, with its intriguing contents, to your front porch morning and afternoon. If you are fortunate enough to have a very modern home with all the latest gadgets, you don't even have to bother to go outside—thereby exposing yourself to the rigors of cold weather and your curlers to the stares of the neighbors—in order to gather up your letters. They are projected right into the privacy of the front hall by way of the clever new mail chute.

If your letter is one of the thousands that are carried daily by airplane, it may have been postmarked from a distant city only a few hours before. Even if it has come by train, it has only been a matter of days since it left for its destination; whereas, once upon a time. . . . Those words are the time-honored beginning for a fairy story, and while we take our rapid delivery of mail very much for granted in this day, such a feat as the sending of a letter from Utah to California in approximately four hours would have come much nearer resembling a fairy story than a fact to the early-day pioneers of the West.

For the first few years after the Pioneers arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley, letters were brought by the incoming immigrant trains to those settlers who had come earlier. For instance, when Mrs. Jones, who was still back in the States, learned that the Johnson family was planning to go West, she wrote a long letter to her sister, who had left with a company the previous year, and entrusted it to the Johnsons. To be sure, she hadn't heard from her sister since the latter's departure, and had no very good idea of where she might be; but the Johnsons promised to make inquiries after they arrived in the Valley, and if they could find out where Mrs. Jones' sister had located, they would pass the letter on to someone going in that direction.

The Johnsons were faithful to their trust and, in time, gave the letter to another family who were traveling to Cache Valley, where it was thought the woman now lived. By inquiring of families along the way, the sister was finally located and the letter delivered many months after it had started toward its destination. This is the true story, not of Mrs. Jones' letter, but of hundreds of others that were passed along in this fashion until some sort of regular mail service was established.

Naturally much could happen in-between the times these letters were written and delivered, and there are cases on record of people writing to tell relatives of their impending arrival in the Territory and then coming in advance of the letter itself. Even such uncertain service sometimes cost a great deal; one woman wrote of having to pay $1.10 delivery charges on two letters during the winter of '48. She added, however, that she didn't mind this exorbitant rate because she was so glad to get the letters.

Sending mail out of the Valley was

FIRST POSTOFFICE IN SALT LAKE CITY
—Photograph, Courtesy Salt Lake Tribune

still a more difficult matter, as practically all of the travel was in this direction. The first letter sent out was one written by Brigham Young during August, 1847, and carried back to the Saints in Winter Quarters by Ezra Benson. It told of the safe arrival in the Valley of the original company, the conditions of the new settlement, and assured help to those who were still to come, should they be in need of it. It encouraged them to praise God for His goodness and to be of good cheer.

Letters from the Valley left, necessarily, without benefit of stamps or envelopes and were usually wrapped in buckskin covers for protection and tied round and round with thongs of the same material. Dozens of letters, done up in this unique fashion, were carried East by Colonel Babbitt when he left for Washington as a delegate to Congress from the Territory of Deseret.

Naturally the mail which arrived from Winter Quarters was always a source of great joy to those who had come on ahead, for many families were divided between the two places during the first few years. Late in '48 Clara Decker Young, who had been one of the three women to come with the original company, wrote that great excitement prevailed when four men arrived in the city with 227 letters and many papers and gazettes.

After the mail had once arrived in the city, the problem of distributing it still remained. In Salt Lake there was no Federal postoffice until '49, but during the course of a council meeting held in the old fort in October, '47, Albert Carrington was appointed postmaster and held this position for two years. The mails were received and distributed at Church headquarters. Sometimes a list of those who might claim uncalled-for mail at the "office" would be read from the stand of the Bowery after the close of the service.

In other settlements of the state, delivery might be from the general store, the Sunday meeting, or by hand of any kind neighbor who happened to be going in the right direction. The most unusual story of carrying the mail is that told by Frank E. Slaughter of Washington County in southern Utah, who helped to install a cable line from the top to the bottom of a 1000-foot precipice over which the mail sacks were drawn by the means of a pulley and windlass. An amusing story of early-day mail service is that of the tub in the store where everyone went through the contents until he came across his own.

IN March, 1849, the first United States postoffice was established in Salt Lake City, with Joseph L. Heywood as postmaster. He served only a short time and was succeeded by Dr. Willard Richards. The immigrant trains were still the only means available for conveying the mails, consequently the postmaster took up his duties with the arrival

of a company from the East and, after distributing the letters and papers, dropped them again until another company should arrive.

There were a considerable number of the Saints on the Pacific Coast at this time, consisting of members of the Mormon Battalion who had remained in California and families who had taken the water route, instead of crossing the plains, and had not yet come on to Utah. To these people, Amasa M. Lyman and O. Porter Rockwell were dispatched with mail in the spring of '49. The two brethren were also instructed to preach the Gospel and look after the interests of the Church and the Saints.

In 1850 a contract to carry mail from Independence, Missouri, to Salt Lake City was awarded to Samuel H. Woodsen, who in turn sublet it to Little, Hanks and Decker. They were supposed to get the mail through once a month, and they must be given credit for making heroic attempts to do so, for they drove unbroken Mexican mules over exceedingly rough roads and made the run from Salt Lake City to Laramie in nine days without a change of animals.

The following year the first Government contract to carry mail was given to John M. Hockaday and William Liggett. They carried express as well as mail, and advanced from Mexican mules to stage coaches. They still managed to get through only once a month, at first, although after a time the run was made semi-monthly.

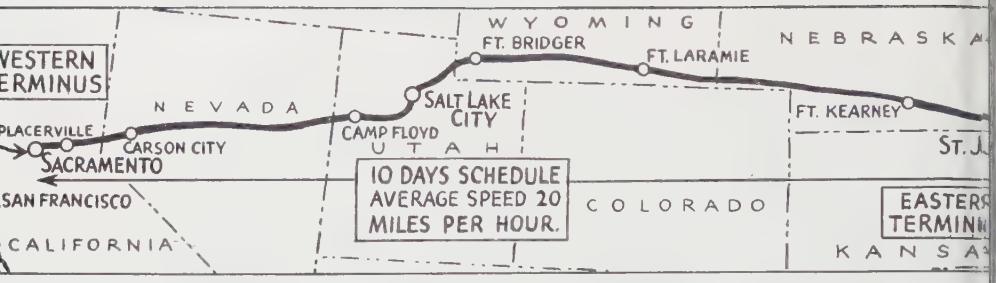
By 1852 the population of the Territory had grown to many thousands and the Saints felt that they were justly entitled to a weekly mail service. Accordingly, they sent a petition to Congress stating that while they were supposed to be getting mail once a month, more often than not a period of two months elapsed between deliveries, especially during the winter time.

It was another two years before Congress finally passed an act that gave an appropriation for transcontinental mail service, and while at first the service was still only one delivery a month, the gaps were gradually closed, until by the time the contract was taken over by Ben Holladay it became, for the first time, the "daily mail." The fact that it arrived daily did not, of course, preclude the contents from having been several weeks on the way.

The mail was carried in Concord stages which were built to accommodate nine passengers on the inside, and one or two on the outside with the driver, except when it was necessary to carry an armed guard. The coaches were drawn by six or eight horses and, by running both day and night, often made as much as one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. This was excellent time, but travel must have been very wearisome over the rough roads of the day in a vehicle without any springs.

Mail stations were built every ten or twelve miles, consisting of substantial stone buildings with loopholes for the rifles of the Indian fighters. The horses were changed at each station, and meals were served to the passengers. In 1860 the passenger fare from Atchison, Kansas, to Salt Lake City was $250 per person.

A United States senator of the day scoffed at the need for protec-



ROUTE OF PONY EXPRESS

—Drawing, Courtesy Salt Lake Tribune

tion from Indians, declaring that "the only hostile Indians on the plains were a few kept by Ben Holladay and brought out whenever he needed a new mail appropriation or an excuse for the non-performance of duty," but it is safe to surmise that the senator never placed himself in a position where he could test the situation firsthand.

Holladay once decided to make a speed run from the Pacific Coast to Atchison, Kansas, a distance of approximately 2000 miles. He made the trip in twelve days and two hours and established a record for fast travel by stagecoach that was never excelled. The trip cost Holladay over $20,000, but it is presumed that he received that much satisfaction out of his experience. There is no record that he did it for the advertising benefits, although possibly that was not an unheard-of thing, even in his day.

One not only paid high for the dubious pleasure of riding in the stagecoach, but he also risked his very life from the ever-present danger of Indian raids. At one time an east-bound stage carried a woman as a lone passenger. During part of the journey, the horses raced madly for a spell and then stopped entirely. She looked out to discover the cause of this strange behavior and found that the driver was gone. There seemed to be nothing to do but drive the stage on to the next station, which she did. For a time, the station attendants suspected that she might have had something to do with the disappearance of the driver and held her until his body was found. It was soon learned, however, that he had been struck by an Indian's arrow, perhaps in revenge, since he was known to have mistreated the Indians.

Another incident of the adventures of stagecoach travel was related by Albert D. Richardson who came West during the 50's with the Schuyler Colfax party. He wrote, "From the coach an antelope was shot, strapped on the coach and given to the keeper at the next station to add to his larder. Gray wolves gazed at us until fired at. We were a sort of traveling arsenal with two or three weapons to a man. Attacked, we should have been dangerous indeed—if not to the Indians, at least to each other. One night a huge grizzly bear was seated right in our road. His education had been sadly neglected, for, with the greatest disrespect to nation and state dignitaries, he refused to budge one inch. So we turned around and gave him a wide berth. Like the man in the story, he was bigger than us, and we forgave him."

Passengers and mail never seemed to mix very well on the Concord stages. The travelers complained

that the mail took up too much room, and the people who received the mail complained that it had been hung underneath or anywhere in order to get it out of the way and, hence, was subjected entirely too much to the mercy of the elements. At one time the state of affairs was too much to be endured in silence, and the *News* gave vent to the following lament:

"With its usual punctuality the eastern mail arrived on Monday last about 10 a. m., but if all the mail matter was as wet and as much damaged as was the small portion we received, it was certainly in a deplorable condition. The bags were brought in lashed under the body of the mail wagon so as not to discommode the passengers, and in that condition they had been evidently dragged through the streams that are well known to be high at this season of the year, and consequently their content was as wet as water could make it, and some of the papers were so badly worn that they were not readable. We are aware, however, that it is useless to complain."

During '62 the Indians went on such a rampage of destruction that it was necessary to send guards out to insure the safe conduct of mail and passengers across the plains. Station houses were destroyed, coaches robbed, and passengers killed in alarming numbers along the part of the route that ran through eastern Wyoming. Frank Fuller was acting governor of the Utah Territory at the time, and he requested Lieutenant General Daniel H. Wells of the Nauvoo Legion to send out a force for the purpose of protecting the mail and passengers until the task could be taken over by United States troops.

Accordingly, Col. Robert T. Burton was dispatched with thirty men, well armed and equipped, to clear

OLD SALT LAKE HOUSE—HEADQUARTERS FOR PONY EXPRESS
(Site occupied by old Salt Lake Tribune-Telegram Building, 149 South Main Street)
—*Photograph, Courtesy Salt Lake Tribune*

the plains of marauding Indians. They found all the stations from Green River to Deer Creek deserted, with the stock having been removed or stolen. At one station they found twenty-six mail sacks torn open and the contents scattered about. The letters had been opened and pillaged in such a way as to prove that renegade whites had been connected with the robberies.

DURING the year of 1860, that heroic experiment, the Pony Express, made history and created a brief period of rapid mail delivery in the lives of the Pioneers. Wells-Fargo had opened up a stage line to the coast on the southern route which passed through El Paso, Tucson, and Yuma, but left Salt Lake City very much out in the cold. Since there was a $600,000 mail subsidy involved, the settlers in the Territory of Deseret voiced their dissatisfaction loudly and promptly.

The complaints reached the ears of Russell, Majors and Waddell, a company of Kansas freighters, who decided to send young lads on ponies over the central route in order to prove the greater feasibility of ponies carrying mail over that of stagecoaches. Every effort was made to insure the success of the venture. The horses used were of the highest quality, bringing a price three or four times that of the ordinary horse. Stations were built every fifteen to twenty-five miles along the route, and fresh mounts and riders were always in readiness. Altogether, there were about eighty riders and four hundred horses in the service with eight boys being kept constantly in the saddle.

The riders were paid from $40 to $100 a month and were fed and housed at the company's expense. Each was presented with a *Bible* by Alexander Majors and made to sign a unique pledge that he exacted from his employees for years, and which read as follows:

> "I do hereby swear before the great and living God that during my engagement and while I am an employee of Russell, Majors and Waddell, I will under no circumstances use profane language; that I will drink no intoxicating liquors; that I will not quarrel or fight with other employees of the firm, and that in every respect I will conduct myself honestly, be faithful to my duties, and so direct my acts as to win the confidence of my employers. So help me God."

Just how faithfully this pledge was kept, there was no way of knowing, for a lone pony rider out on the plains could have given vent to considerable profanity which could have been heard by no other ears than those of the animal he rode, but it is to be supposed that the boys avoided liquor to a very large extent, for their very lives, at times, depended upon their being in the best and most alert condition.

This same Majors had a contract with the Government for freighting supplies to the United States Army at Camp Floyd during the Echo Canyon war, and his memoirs written of that period make an interesting volume.

The time for carrying letters to St. Joseph, Missouri, from Sacramento only once required more than ten days, which meant that the age of speed had indeed arrived. Utah was only six days away from the eastern frontier, as far as communication was concerned, and, by means of Pony Express and train, dispatches could be sent to the

nation's capitol in a brief seven days. Such speed was truly breathtaking when one considered that only a decade before, the news that Deseret had been made a Territory reached the Pioneers some three months after Congress had passed the act. The Pony riders made an average of 250 miles in twenty-four hours, which was almost twice as fast as the stagecoach could travel.

The Pony Express was rich in color and adventure, but it was a great loss to its promoters financially. Besides the enormous operating costs, the Indians frequently burned the stations and haystacks and killed the drivers and ponies. Altogether, it is estimated that the venture cost Majors and his associates somewhere in the neighborhood of $100,000 during the one year of its operation; in April of '61 they sold out to Wells-Fargo.

A short time afterward the telegraph lines were completed, and it was no longer necessary to go to such tremendous efforts in order to speed news across the country. Even with the telegraph in operation, however, there was still the matter of letters and newspapers to be taken care of, and the stagecoach lines continued to carry the daily mail until that momentous day in 1869 when the "Iron Horse" steamed proudly into the city of Ogden, bringing an end to that picturesque period of the covered wagon, the stagecoach and the Pony Express.

NEWSBOY

Gertrude Perry Stanton

Standing on a hot street corner
Summer days, just right for swimming—
Shivering on an icy pavement
In the frost or fog of winter;
Other boys with skates on shoulders
On their way to pond or river,
While he watches every passer
Keenly, asking, "Paper, Mister?"
Urging him "Read all about it!"
Clarion call of "Last edition!"
In a voice that, pure and vibrant,
Well might lead a vested choir.
Optimist when days are gloomy,
Last to whine or be discouraged;
Playing fair, and not encroaching
On the boundaries of his fellows;
Born of enterprise and progress,
Here's a business man in making—
Free America in action.
"Paper? Here's your paper, Mister!"

Beatrice Farley Stevens

Rae B. Barker

Relief Society General Board Member

"We sing of happiness, of comfort and cheer,
Hoping our message may resound far and near,
Praying that we may live in harmony
With the spirit of true charity.
Kind father make our light so shine
That we may teach Thy ways divine,
Our loving deeds will truth proclaim
And glorify Thy name."
(Chorus from "The Work We're Called To Do,"
by Beatrice F. Stevens.)

THESE lines are more than the refrain of a song; they are the refrain of Sister Beatrice F. Stevens' own beautiful life. In them we clearly see her pattern for living.

Her father and mother, Asa C. Farley and Rachel Poulter, built their family life on a foundation of faith and strength. Love of the Gospel was their pioneer heritage. From their hearth fire came more than ordinary warmth; there was a steady glow of learning, culture, and particularly music that radiated far beyond their modest family circle.

It was in this environment that Brother Stringam A. Stevens, then living in the Ogden Fifth Ward, found the talented and lovely young Beatrice, who in 1907 became his wife. She was richly endowed with characteristics and skills which made her a home builder of the first order. Her loveliness was a composite of depth of understanding, tolerance, gentle patience, kindness and courage. Even as a young woman she displayed a fine sense of knowing just the right thing to be done for the particular situation. With a keen intellect, ability to select essentials and dismiss the unimportant, and with natural creative genius, she was inevitably marked for a leader, and her leadership was strong through the quality of gentle persuasion. Complemented by Brother Stevens' dynamic yet quietly aggressive personality, it is easy to understand how each sustained the other in any calling or opportunity. Willingness to serve the Church has been fundamental to both of them.

Her many qualifications, permeated by great faith and love for the Gospel, prepared her well for the many positions of responsibility she filled. Three of our Church auxiliary organizations have claimed her as theirs: Primary, Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, and Relief Society. We see her versatility in the varied services she gave as teacher, musical director, ward and stake executive in the Mutual Improvement Association, and since 1937, the signal position of member of the General Board of Relief Society. Added to these, she has served faithfully for the past number of years the General Church Music Committee.

Her interests were well rounded. For study she affiliated with the Del-

phian group and Contemporary Readers. With her husband she enjoyed the sweet association of long-time friends in the Neighborly Circle. Her interest in music, however, years she has given Relief Society four songs, and has worked with painstaking care on the compilation of the new *Relief Society Song Book*. Her activities in connection with

BEATRICE FARLEY STEVENS

merits special mention. It has been a shining silver cord running through her life. Her talent as composer has been recognized numerous times. In February of this year, 1941, she won the distinction of writing words and music for the University of Utah Alma Mater song, "Hail Utah." In the past four Relief Society Singing Mothers' choruses have endeared her to women throughout the Church.

Characteristic of a delicately sensitive soul, Sister Stevens rose to her creative best under stress of worry or suffering. Unlike many in similar circumstances, she expressed herself, not in complaint or hopeless-

ness, but poured out her feelings in song. With the poet she knew that "all things gather where life is a song, all things come at the call of rejoicing." When Relief Society sent out the call to the women of the Church to rally to its cause in the interest of increased membership, it was Sister Stevens' stirring song of "A Hundred Thousand Strong," with its martial beat and confident note, that roused the enthusiasm of our sisters far and near.

Our hearts will be filled with thanksgiving, both for her noble life and for the wonderful Gospel wherein she found opportunity for expression, when we sing the last song she wrote—the Relief Society centennial song, "A Song of Triumph." This song was born of inspiration and out of her great love for Relief Society work. Rising above her physical suffering, she completed this happy though arduous task only a few days before her passing, June 19, 1941.

Though her body has been overcome by the destructive forces of earth life, she knows at this moment the joy of the soul that has triumphed. "Death to her was as natural as birth and as welcome." Her life closed with the same abiding faith in life eternal that has always characterized her living. "Oh, how I wish," she said, "I had the power and could make others understand the beauties of the most beautiful thing in the world—our Gospel." She went with the song in her heart, "God is good."

FAITH

Courtney Elizabeth Cottam

With wounds too deep for years to wash away,
Kneeling, I seek the solace of a prayer,
Knowing the healing power of God's love
Will ease my heart, efface the sorrow there.

And as I pray this cup may pass from me,
I seem to hear a whispered word to cheer:
"Rejoice, rejoice, for this is of the flesh,
The spirit lives, and faith will conquer fear."

Then side by side we raise the heavy cross;
Together, climb the rugged path of life.
Through faith the soul can find enduring peace,
Transcending sorrows born of human strife.

A Prayer In The Forest

(Adapted from the "Book of Enos")

Genet Bingham Dee

"COME with me, my son, for I have something very important, something very serious to tell you," said Jacob to his son Enos.

"Yes, Father," Enos answered, and followed his father into the large white house, to an upper room where it was quiet.

"My boy," the father began, after a long moment of thoughtful silence, "you have been carefully taught in all the forms of our language. You read and write like a scholar. Better still, you have been blessed with faith in God. You have been taught the words of the prophets, the holy ones of Israel."

"True, Father." The young man's eyes were serious yet gleaming with interest. "And I thank you, and say with all my heart, 'Blessed be the name of my God for it.'"

"I am an old, old man," the father continued. "Soon I must go down to my grave. To you, my son, I give the sacred trust of recording the religious history of our people. And I say unto you, as my brother Nephi said unto me: 'Write the things upon the metal plates which you consider to be most precious. If there is preaching which is sacred, or revelation which is great, or prophesying, engraven the heads of them upon these plates and touch upon them as much as possible, for Christ's sake and for the sake of our people.'"

"Do you think I have the ability, Father, or—or do you consider me worthy?"

The young man searched his father's face anxiously while awaiting his reply. After a quiet moment the father answered:

"God will make you worthy if you do your part. . . .

"And Enos, in addition to being Recorder, you are to be guardian of the most precious things in all the kingdom—*The Plates of Brass*. What a marvelous record that is! Your grandfather, my father Lehi, prophesied that these plates of brass should never perish, neither should they be dimmed any more by time. Upon them are recorded the story of the creation of the world, the prophecies of the holy prophets since the beginning even down to the time my father left Jerusalem, and other valuable information. Yes, this record is most important. The great Law of Moses is engraved thereon. How necessary it has been and will be to our people forever!"

Jacob paused as if to let his son consider the worth of his words, then continued, "In the great chest where the plates of record are kept there are also other rare and precious things. There is the Liahona, that curious ball which God provided to guide us through the dreary wilderness and across the great waters. I was young then, for, as you know, I was born in the wilderness near the Red Sea. In my tender years, I knew hunger and was often weary, for our little group journeyed in desolate places."

Jacob paused again, and the sorrow of sad memories seemed to

darken his countenance. Then he continued, "In the chest you will also find the sword of Laban, which my brother Nephi took from Laban the night in Jerusalem when he obtained the Brass Plates. You have seen it. It's a wonderful sword. The hilt of it is pure gold, embossed and inlaid—of fine workmanship. The blade is of the most precious steel. Oh, my son, I would that there were no use in this Promised Land for such weapons." After he finished speaking, he sat for some time with his head bowed as if in deep or reverent thought, while Enos patiently waited, looking far out over the quiet valley and the flat-roofed houses nestling in the trees. When he spoke again, it was with a new eagerness: "Will you promise me, Enos, solemnly promise me, as I promised my brother Nephi when he made me Recorder of the sacred history and guardian of the treasures of the past, that you will faithfully keep this trust? Protect these things with your very life if necessary?"

"I promise, Father."

"And will you make a careful, a true record of the history of this people during your lifetime, remembering always to record faithfully the prophecies and the events which are of a sacred nature?"

"I shall do my best, Father, God helping me. But I still doubt my worthiness for such a sacred task, for I realize that this record is to be engraved upon metal plates, and that it will endure through all generations."

"Be humble, my son. Trust in God. Glory in His power and majesty. Ask in faith, and power shall be given unto thee. And bear it well in mind, my son, that it was Jesus Christ himself who commanded my brother Nephi to make these golden plates and record upon them the history of this people, this branch of the House of Israel. Wanderers are we, cast out from Jerusalem."

ENOS was perplexed and troubled in his soul because of the magnitude of the task which his father had assigned him. And one day he went deep into the great forest to hunt beasts. And when he was all alone in the shade of the cool trees, those mighty giants of green which God had made, the great task which his father had assigned him weighed heavily upon his mind. And he said to himself:

"I am not worthy before God. I have sinned in many small ways. Would that I were as pure and good as my dear old father or the holy prophets about whom he so often speaks. My soul hungers to be better, to be more worthy to draw nearer to my Maker, the Holy One of Israel."

Then he knelt down to pray. He cried unto God in mighty prayer. All the day long did he cry unto Him. Yea, and when the dark, still night descended upon the silence of the forest, he did still raise his voice on high with such fervor that his prayer *reached the heavens*. And there came a voice unto him saying,

"Enos, thy sins are forgiven thee, and thou shalt be blessed."

What joy and gladness filled his soul, for he knew that the voice came from heaven. He knew also that God could not lie nor deceive. He was all but overcome with the joy of the blessed knowledge that all his guilt was swept away.

In ecstasy he cried, "Lord, how is it done?"

And the Lord answered him. Yea, even the voice of God spoke from heaven and said unto him:

"Because of thy faith in Christ whom thou hast never before heard nor seen. And many years pass away before He shall manifest Himself in the flesh; wherefore, go to, thy faith hath made thee whole."

When Enos heard these words, the spirit of Christ entered his heart. He forgot all about himself and began to think of others. His love went out in longing for all the people of the Nephite colony. He prayed most sincerely, pouring out his soul to God for his people. While he was praying, "struggling in the spirit," the voice of the Lord came into his mind again, saying,

"I will visit thy brethren according to their diligence in keeping my commandments. I have given them this land and it is a holy land and I curse it not save it be for the cause of iniquity."

After Enos heard these glorious words, his faith grew stronger and the light of the spirit of Christ, which is the light of love for all men, caused his heart to glow with love even for his enemies. And he prayed most fervently to his Father in Heaven for a blessing for the Lamanites. After he had thus prayed, "laboring with all diligence," the Lord heard his prayer, and answered, saying:

"I will grant unto thee according to thy desires, because of thy faith."

Now when Enos heard these divine words, his whole being was transported with joy, for there was a blessing which he desired above all else—*that the Lord would preserve the Sacred Record*, the record of his people of which he had so recently been made historian and guardian.

So he prayed in faith, for he knew that God was able to preserve the records, even if the Lamanites had sworn to destroy them and all the records and traditions so sacred to the Nephites. And he cried unto God continually in faith, *believing*. And the Lord heard his prayer and covenanted with Enos that the record should be preserved and even that it should be brought forth unto the Lamanites in God's own due time.

And Enos knew that all would be according to the covenant which the Lord had made. And his soul did rest.

PIONEERS

Vilate Raile

They cut desire into short lengths
And fed it to the hungry fires of courage.
Long after, when the flames died,
Molten gold gleamed in the ashes;
They gathered it into bruised palms
And handed it to their children
And their children's children.

In Mother's Hands

John Henry Evans

AS a tree is to be known by its fruit, just so is a mother to be known by her child, especially when that child becomes a man or a woman.

She is known, of course, not in the comparatively small sense of good or bad table manners, excellent or atrocious taste in dress, or the ability or the lack of ability to use proper language, all of which are desirable in cultivated persons, but rather in the vastly more substantial qualities of character, way of life, and the outcome of thinking and feeling and behavior.

A great deal of sentiment, good enough in its place, is expressed publicly on Mothers' Day in our country, but the best tribute, and at the same time the most illuminating and understandable, would be a concrete illustration of a case where a mother exhibited her vast power in molding and shaping her child. As it happens, there is just such an instance tucked away in the Old Testament, which is a rich depository of elemental experiences of the race.

Incidentally, in religious literature, especially that of the Jewish people everywhere, the women, even the mothers, are nearly always kept in the background. An illustrious exception to this is the story of Ruth, the story of Esther, and the story of Judith; but the purpose of these narratives is, apparently, not to depict character, although that is done, but instead to enforce a religious or moral truth. Perhaps the reason why women are not put into the foreground of Hebraic pictures lies in the recognition by Jewish writers of the fact set forth in our opening sentence. For back of every man is a woman—mostly his mother—and biblical literary men must have felt that in setting forth the exploits and character of a man, they were also giving the character of his mother.

This article, then, aims to tell of a notable mother as seen in the product of her painstaking care, a notable son.

ABOUT thirty-six hundred years ago there lived in Egypt a woman whose name was Jochebed. She was married, her husband's name was Amram, and both were Israelites, of the tribe of Levi. At the time of our story this couple had two children, a boy named Aaron and a girl called Miriam, or Mary.

Then a third child was born, another boy.

Everyone knows how it happened that the Israelites were in Egypt at this time, when their home was the Land of Canaan, or Palestine as we know it today, but it is necessary here to recall the main features of their settlement in the Nile Valley.

That story covers the kidnapping of Joseph, favorite son of Jacob, by his ten brothers; the sale of the boy to some Ishmaelite emigrants, and their disposition of him to Potiphar, an official of the reigning Pharaoh; the attempt of Potiphar's wife to beguile the charming slave, and her later betrayal of him in a face-saving complaint; Joseph's imprisonment, the interpretation of two dreams of his fellow-prisoners, and his subsequent release; his spectacular rise to power and authority in the king's service; the widespread famine in Egypt and Canaan; the arrival in

Egypt of Jacob's sons, their plea for food, the final recognition of their brother by them, and the migration of the entire tribe of Israel to the land of Goshen. All this goes into the making of what is generally regarded by literary critics as the greatest short story in history.

This Land of Goshen, as we learn from the sacred writer, lay on the border of Egypt, rather than in Egypt itself. An extensive pasture land where the royal cattle were driven to graze, it was assigned by Joseph, at Pharaoh's urgent solicitation, to his "brethren," since they were a pastoral folk with flocks and herds. And here the Israelites stayed, rapidly growing in prosperity and numbers, till a king arose "who knew not Joseph."

AT the time of our narrative, the Israelites were "in bondage" to the Egyptians, and this in spite of the fact that they were on the edge of the fertile Valley of the Nile, next to the wilderness toward the Red Sea.

"And Joseph died," says the sacred writer simply, "and all his brethren, and all that generation." After that, we are picturesquely informed by the same authority, "the Children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceedingly mighty." Just how long this interim was and how numerous the people had become, is conjectural. At any rate, a new dynasty, it is believed, arose toward the end of the period—a dynasty "which knew not Joseph."

Then the head of this new regime said, doubtless to a receptive group of yes-men: "Behold, the Children of Israel are more [numerous] and mightier than we. Come, let us deal wisely with them."

The "wise" measure proposed included three points, two adopted immediately and one later, when the first suggestions proved ineffective. They were: first, that the men in the Hebrew nation be conscripted into the Egyptian army, if and when the rulers of Egypt had a war with some other people; second, that all the Israelites be enslaved, "taskmasters" being appointed over them, "to afflict them with burdens"; and third, that all the male children of Israelitish wives be put to death at the time of their birth. The last measure, the execution of which was entrusted to the midwives, was adopted only after the failure of the first two, when it appeared that "the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew." Thus the Egyptians "were grieved because of the Children of Israel"—a grief that found vent in the terrible slaughter of the innocents.

It was at this moment in Hebrew history that Jochebed gave birth to her third child and second son.

WHEN Jochebed saw this baby, that he "was a goodly child," she determined to save him.

If we read the text carefully, especially between the lines, we are forced to conclude that this woman did not engage the services of a midwife, but managed the delivery herself, with the help, perhaps, of Miriam or a domestic, employed temporarily. We are led to this conclusion partly by the fact that the Hebrew women, according to the report of the midwives to the king on being asked by him how it was that so many male children had escaped being thrown into the river, "are not as the Egyptian women, for

they are lively, and are delivered ere the midwives come in unto them."

Accordingly, Jochebed "hid" her new baby "three months." Where and how she managed this we are not informed.

It would not be difficult for a mother to picture the situation in which Jochebed found herself at this time. Her constant fear, apprehension, dread, and anguish can better be imagined than described. Her soul could not have been tortured any more if she had known that her child had been marked by destiny as one of the great figures in human history. Those must have been three months of extreme mental distress.

Jochebed, however, was a tremendously resourceful woman. That is something to remember about the mother of Moses. It was not enough that her situation was desperate. Many a woman is desperate who can think of nothing effective to do in her desperation. Although necessity is said to be the mother of invention, yet necessity is not always fruitful.

Similarly, we might conclude that Jochebed was intelligent. One does not have to be a resident of the twentieth century, nor even of the nineteenth century, to be intelligent—as some people appear to think. To be intelligent is to be able to extricate oneself from a difficult situation, to adjust oneself to environment. It means to do something instead of sitting down and crying about it. Jochebed did something.

After three months, when it became impossible for her to conceal the baby any longer from the king's gestapo, she made a wicker cradle, covered it with "slime" inside and outside so that it would be waterproof, put into it her precious baby, took it to the river at a spot where the king's daughter, with her maids, went each day for a swim, and set the ark afloat in some neighboring bulrushes, trusting in the God of Israel for the culmination.

Jochebed took care, though, to learn the outcome, for we read: "And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him."

This is what happened: "The daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. And when she opened it, she saw the child: and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, 'This is one of the Hebrews' children.'

"Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, 'Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?' And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, 'Go.' And the maid went and called the child's mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, 'Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.' And the woman took the child, and nursed it."

After a while, according to an understanding between the two women, the child was turned over to the princess. How old was the baby then? We do not know. "And the child grew . . . and she called his name Moses . . . because I drew him out of the water." Did Moses visit his mother occasionally, or even regularly? We do not know that either. But this we do know, that Jochebed had him long enough to

do a firstclass job of his education in the religion of her people. The princess did the rest. For Moses, reared for the most part in the palace of the king, was taught all the learning of the Egyptians, then the most learned of the nations.

THE value of any statement as to Jochebed's influence over her son during his formative years depends on whether we can establish the necessary contacts between the two in this period.

Let us get one point clearly in mind. It was not his education in Egyptian culture that prepared Moses for his later work. Rather it was the religion of his people, the Hebrews, that shaped his character and prepared him for the destiny that awaited him. There can be no doubt on this point. His courtly training, of course, helped to cultivate his mind, to discipline his intellect, to enable him to thread his way to the truth. But it was faith in the God of Israel that paved the way to the "burning bush." And this faith he somehow imbibed from his mother.

"When Moses was grown," says the historian, "he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens; and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren. And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand."

This is illuminating. How and where, if not from his mother, did Moses acquire such an interest in the Hebrews? This was obviously not sympathy for slaves performing their allotted tasks under the lash of a slave driver. It was sympathy for a fellow-religionist under mistreatment by an enemy. Moses was, therefore, thinking not of the race to which he owed his education, but of the race to which he owed his origin and his religion. This accounts for his rage to a point where he could kill that enemy without compunction.

Now, this fellow feeling for the Hebrews could not have sprung up overnight nor in a year. It could be the result only of what Solomon calls "training," extending over a period of years. There is reason to believe that Moses knew the history of his people, that he was acquainted with their particular brand of religion, and that he sympathized with both before his call by the Lord. While he appears to have been astonished when he received his call to deliver his people, the cause of that astonishment seems not to have been the call itself, but instead the manner in which it came; namely, the bush that burned but was not consumed. There must have been a close kinship between the anger that led to the killing of the Egyptian and the feeling that led to the acceptance of the call. Both reveal a profound understanding of and a deep faith in the mission of the Chosen People.

IN addition, then, to high intelligence and resourcefulness in the mother of Moses, we now have a third quality—her deep-rooted faith in the God of her fathers, in His concern for His children, and in His power to protect and help those who put their trust in Him. This is the tap-root of the Hebrew religion—and of the Christian religion, too, for that matter. Had not God set apart Abraham to establish a new line through which the idea of the

true God might be transmitted to the world? And would He not see to it that this line was kept unclogged? Well, then . . . .

There is a bare possibility that Amram and Jochebed had an inkling of their son's future work. Indeed, a tradition has come down to us to this effect. If they had such a hint, it was all the more necessary, they would think, that they should be solicitous in the matter of his religious education. And the manner in which Jochebed's plans for his preservation in the cradle had turned out, would serve to confirm whatever feelings she had respecting his importance. God was with her.

Jochebed, therefore, shines through her famous son. In her care of him she exhibited, as we have seen, keen intelligence, great resourcefulness, and extraordinary religious convictions.

Does the Lord choose mothers as well as sons?

PIONEER MOTHER

By Beatrice Rordame Parsons

Your lips were unafraid. You did not ask:
"Why must I leave my home
And go across the wind-swept prairie
To a land unknown?"

Unquestioning, your baby at your breast,
Another, scarce a babe, with tiny feet to plod,
Your young, bright head flung high with courage,
You followed, then, your husband and your God!

A rattling handcart held a hand-pieced quilt,
Some rose-sprigged china plates, a yard of cherished lace,
A vase, a rocker, and a spinning wheel;
You'd need them all in that far place.

Beside the campfire's acrid smell of burning sage
You gathered close your own,
And in your fearless eyes began a dream,
A dream of home!

A one-room cottage built of logs and mud?
A shining palace for a queen to own!
You found it not too small, too ugly for your love.
You made it home!

A heritage you left for us—a shining trail
Of faith and strength, of courage, dreams come true.
God give us faith, and strength and courage now
To follow you!

Not What You Get

Mary Ek Knowles

RACHEL ANDREWS' small veined hand, with the wide gold wedding ring on the third finger, held tight to the carved bedpost, and a feeling of anger, indignation and helplessness welled up inside of her.

"Charles, you can not back out at the last minute. You just can't!"

Charles Andrews did not look at his wife, but stood by the bedroom window, a picture of obstinacy, his strong-featured profile clear cut against the background of white lace curtain, his feet wide apart, his tall form stooped. He thrust his lower lip out, and an exasperated, "Oh, dear!" escaped Rachel's lips.

"I'm dressing up in no wedding suit," he told her, "and waiting at the foot of no stairs for you to come parading down in your wedding dress while the Harbishaw trio plays 'Here Comes The Bride,' and a couple of hundred people stand and gawk."

"Oh, Charles, they're not just a 'couple of hundred people.' They're our children—ten of them—and our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren and our relatives and our friends, friends who love us. They're coming to help us celebrate our—" there was a tightening in her throat, "our fiftieth wedding anniversary."

Charles put his straw hat on his unruly mop of white hair. He wore no coat, for the summer day was warm, and the thin lines of his tall body shown through the white shirt.

"It's a pack of foolishness," he said, "and I'll have no part in it!" He picked up his cane and strode majestically out of the room, the dignity of his departure somewhat marred by the fact that his suspenders were twisted and a piece of shirttail flapped above his trousers.

From force of habit, Rachel said, "Charles, your shirt, let me straighten your suspenders." But the door shut with a sharp little bang, and Rachel was alone in the high-ceilinged bedroom.

She sank down weakly on the edge of the bed and gazed at her reflection in the mirror of the marble-topped dressing table.

"Well," the woman in the mirror said, "what did you expect! It's just like Charles to balk at the last minute and throw everything into confusion. He's always been like that." She was a slender small-boned woman with delicate, finely-chiseled features and white wavy hair. The flowered lavender voile dress she was wearing made her eyes look very brown, her cheeks pink. "You shouldn't," she told Rachel, "have let Millie go ahead with such elaborate plans, working herself to death."

Rachel looked away, and her finger thoughtfully traced the popcorn pattern in the crocheted bedspread. It was really Charles who had started the whole thing, she defended. One evening in the early spring he had remarked to Millie, "Life's a funny thing, Millie. Who'd ever have thought fifty years ago that your mother and I would be livin' in her old home now! Yes, sir, fifty years ago this June your mother and I were married. I remember

how we came walkin' down those very stairs, and how we stood right in front of that fireplace over there." That had been enough to set Millie's romantic mind at work. It had all seemed such a lovely idea. Rachel's original bridal party was coming, even Annie Hawkins from California. Perry, Opal's husband, was going to take movies, and their pictures would be in the Sunday papers. Charles had seemed so agreeable, too, even to giving Millie a list of people he wanted invited.

The door opened and Millie came in. Her face was flushed, and there was a dab of flour on her cheek. "Two hours before the guests are to arrive," she told her mother, "and Father announces that he might not even be here, and that he certainly won't dress up." She was a tall solidly-built woman with Charles' strong features and Rachel's brown eyes that right now were snapping with indignation. "You and Father in your wedding clothes were to be the highlight of the whole affair. Of all the stubborn, inconsiderate. . . . Frankly, Mother, I can't understand how you've lived with him for fifty years!"

It was on the tip of Rachel's tongue to say, "The same way you've lived with Henry and his fussy, persnickety ways for twenty years!" but she checked the words. Henry Macabee was good as he could be, even consenting to live in the big house on Plum Street so that Millie could take care of her and Charles. Millie looked hot and tired and upset. The last few days had been especially trying ones for her—guests arriving from all over the country, extra beds to be made, extra meals to be fixed, and the big house in a general state of confusion. Charles might have given some thought to all of that! Suddenly all the sunshine and gladness of the day went out of Rachel's heart. She wanted to bury her face in the pillow and burst into tears; she wanted to run after Charles and shake him good. Instead she got to her feet and smoothed the bedspread.

"Now, Millie," she said in a calm voice, "you know how your father is. He'll probably come back from his walk gentle as a lamb." He might not, too! There was that time when he left her and the children stranded at the Sunday School picnic at Smither's Lake and didn't show up until everyone else had gone and the children had fallen asleep on the hard benches. "You go ahead with the plans, and I'll go up to the attic and get our clothes out of the trunk. You just see, everything's going to be all right!"

THE long hall was quite deserted when Rachel came out of her room, and she was glad. Right now she did not care to meet or talk to anyone. She was more hurt by Charles' actions than she cared to admit. Somehow she had thought that this day would mean so much to him that he would be agreeable. Yesterday, even this morning when she awakened, she had thought, "It will be fun talking over old times with Annie Hawkins and Beth Allenbright." Now she felt if anyone said, "Congratulations!" to her, she would burst into tears.

The large window at the end of the hall was open. There was the sound of voices, young laughing voices, and the fragrance of roses and honeysuckle and green things growing.

Rachel looked down into the garden below. Her granddaughter, Rachel Ann, and her sweetheart, Johnny, were sitting side by side in the wooden swing beneath the big maple tree. Dreamily they swung back and forth, Rachel Ann's dark head on Johnny's broad shoulder, their fingers entwined. Then Rachel Ann lifted her head, and her radiant face was like a flower turned toward the sun as Johnny bent his blond head and kissed her.

Suddenly the familiar noises of the household, the slam of the front screen, voices in the room below, the sound of running water and the clatter of dishes and pans in the kitchen faded, and Rachel found herself going back half a century to another boy and girl who had laughed and loved in that same garden. She knew a sudden mad desire to check time in its flight, to hold that precious moment forever in her heart. Rachel's children often teased her, saying that Rachel Ann was her favorite grandchild. That was not so! Each of her grandchildren held the same warm spot in her heart. It was just that Rachel Ann was almost a reproduction of herself, and through Rachel Ann she lived her life again. "Stay like that, Rachel Ann," she whispered, "just like that!"

As if in answer to her plea, Rachel Ann and Johnny stepped out of the swing and walked arm in arm across the velvety lawn and up the rough graveled path out of sight.

Rachel came back to the present with a start. She must go to the attic, she told herself practically, and get the clothes. With a sudden burst of energy, she turned from the window and opened the door to the attic. But the moment had left her shaken, and her steps were weary as she climbed the stairs.

THE close hot air of the attic struck Rachel like the blast from a furnace, and she knew a faintness as she hurried to the window and opened it wide. A moment she stood there until the dizziness left, until her vision cleared and familiar objects took on form—a rocking chair with a broken rocker, the thick legged wooden kitchen table, banned to the attic since the arrival of Millie and her family, "Polly's" empty cage, large family portraits in heavy gold frames, a broken guitar, a stack of newspapers, a wooden trunk beneath the eaves.

It was to the trunk Rachel went. With a scraping sound she pulled it out into the middle of the floor. She spread newspapers all around and then sank to her knees. The lid opened with a squeak, and there was the clean spicy fragrance of lavender. With swift movements of her small hands she took out a pair of hand-embroidered pillowcases, a thick linen tablecloth—both yellowed with age—a picture album, and numerous bundles of letters tied with a pink ribbon. She placed them all neatly on a piece of newspaper. Then came Charles' black wedding suit. This she examined carefully and a bit fearfully for signs of moth holes. Then there was a silky rustle, and her wedding dress billowed over her lap to the floor.

Rachel leaned back against the trunk and held up the dress. In that moment, she looked young and excited, her eyes bright, her cheeks pink. It was still the most beautiful wedding dress Rachel had ever seen. The white taffeta skirt was very full;

the tight-fitting basque waist boasted huge pleated sleeves, tight cuffs trimmed with cobwebby lace, and wide lapels exquisitely embroidered with tiny seed pearls. Rachel and her mother had made the dress, every stitch of it by hand.

There were her own stitches, uneven, a bit unsure, and her mother's tiny steady stitches. Inside the bodice near the armhole there was a tiny brownish stain. Rachel ran her finger over it, puzzling, and then remembered a June afternoon fifty years ago. She and her mother were putting the finishing touches on the wedding dress. Her mother was bent quietly over her work, and she was humming a gay song as she thought of Charles and the wedding and the presents and the trousseau and the honeymoon. Suddenly a fearful thought came to her, and the song died on her lips. What if their marriage shouldn't be a success. What if this beautiful, exquisite happiness didn't last!

She moved closer to her mother and put a hand on her arm. "Mother," she said, "this love Charles and I have for each other. . . . It will last, won't it? Our marriage will be a success, won't it, Mother?"

Her mother pricked her finger with the sharp needle, and a spot of blood stained the glistening white. She opened her mouth as if to speak, then shut it tight and bowed her head over her work. "Remember, Rachel," she told her, "it's not what you get out of marriage that makes it a success; it's what you put into it."

Now, in the quiet of the attic, Rachel remembered that she had been disappointed by the answer. Somehow, she thought, as she put the waist down, she had expected an altogether different one.

She picked up a bundle of letters, and as she placed it in the corner of the trunk a black and red object caught her eye. Joey's "Sambo" as she lived and breathed! She took the black-stocking doll out of the trunk and straightened the red gingham overalls. How Joey had loved his "Sambo!" What an adorable baby Joey had been with his brown curls and his dimples! And how very near she had come to losing him!

Vividly she remembered the poverty and cold of a winter long ago, and the agony of one endless day when she watched the road for Charles and Dr. Dutton.

For three years there had been hard times for the wheat farmers of Deep Valley, and the past summer had been the most disastrous of all. Every cent they had saved, every cent they could borrow, had been put into their wheat fields only to have the merciless sun burn them to the ground. After that, Charles had been like a man in a daze. His trips to town had become more and more frequent, and too often it was old Ned who brought wagon and driver safely home and waited patiently until Charles climbed down and walked unsteadily into the house.

This particular day, Rachel had begged Charles as he was leaving: "Go and get Dr. Dutton, Charles. I've done everything I can for Joey, and he's not getting any better. I'm frightened, Charles!"

Charles' only answer had been to shrug her hand off his arm as he went out of the door. All that long day she had waited while Joey tossed in delirium, and his pulse grew weak. Just as she had given up hope, when

she was certain her baby was dying, Charles had arrived with Dr. Dutton. After a hard battle with death, Dr. Dutton had saved Joey, but his constant, "Man, why wasn't I called sooner while there was an even chance?" still haunted Rachel.

Remembering now, Rachel's mouth closed in a tight line, and bitterness, like acid, ate into her heart. Another few minutes and Joey would have been dead. True the scare had snapped Charles out of his daze, but he should have come sooner! Her marriage with Charles had been an endless series of upsets caused by Charles' childish habit of keeping everyone in hot water. And even now, on their fiftieth wedding anniversary, he had taken all the joy out of the day by being obstinate!

Angrily Rachel threw the things back into the trunk—the pillowcases, the tablecloth, and the picture album. Why, she thought tearfully, her mother had known those things about marriage—that once Charles won her he would forget the little niceties of courtship, even to such things as giving a word of praise. "Mrs. Whitlock hangs out a pretty wash, and a big one," Charles used to say, with no word for her own lines of white clothes glistening in the sun. Her mother had known that Charles would sulk in a corner when things went against him; that she would be tied to the children day in and day out while he was free to come and go as he pleased!

There was a sound of a door opening, of excited feet running upstairs. Rachel hurriedly brushed the tears away and straightened up as Rachel Ann burst into the room.

"Grandmother! Grandmother!" she cried excitedly. "Look!" She held a slim trembling hand out to Rachel, a hand on which a diamond ring sparkled. "Johnny . . . just now in the garden!"

She threw her arms around her grandmother and hugged her. "We're going to be married in August, and Mother says I'm to have a big wedding with all the trimmings and . . . . Johnny's father is giving us a lot, and we'll build next spring. Oh, I love him . . . Johnny, I mean, and . . . oh, Grandmother!" she clasped her hands together and looked searchingly into the older woman's eyes. "Oh, we will love each other forever and ever, won't we? Our marriage will be a success, won't it, Grandmother? So many aren't, you know. I just couldn't bear it if it were not!"

Rachel looked into the radiant face of her beloved granddaughter. For a moment she was tempted: "Tell her the whole truth about marriage. Tell her the hard, trying side that no one ever mentions. Tell her!"

But she could not do it. She could not watch the light in Rachel Ann's eyes die. She took the girl into her arms so that she could not see her face.

"Remember only this, Rachel Ann. It's not what you get out of marriage that makes it a success; it's what you put into it." She bent quickly and picked up the wedding clothes, fully aware of the fact that Rachel Ann was disappointed by her answer. "Take these down to your mother, dear. They'll need a bit of pressing. Then put them on my bed."

WHEN Rachel came down to her bedroom a short time later she

found her wedding dress spread on the bed, but Charles' suit was not there.

Millie poked her head in the door. Gone was the tired look, and she was smiling. "Father's all ready and pleased as punch," she whispered, "although he wouldn't admit it for the world. Get your dress on, and in about fifteen minutes, when you hear the music, come down the stairs. Hurry, darling!" And she was gone.

Rachel's first feeling was one of relief—relief for Millie and all her plans. But it was quickly followed by one of anger—anger against Charles. Now why couldn't he have been pleasant about it in the first place instead of upsetting them all and spoiling the day?

She dressed hurriedly, then stood before the mirror. The years had been kind to Rachel. Her figure was still straight and slender, her skin was unwrinkled, and her brown eyes were bright. She looked at her veined hands and the wide gold wedding ring. "Fifty years, Rachel," she whispered. "Fifty years!" There was unrest in her heart.

The strains of Lohengrin's "Wedding March" came to her ears, and Rachel gave a final pat to her clothes, then walked down the carpeted hall to the head of the wide curved stairway.

As she put her hand on the banister and looked down, a sudden hush fell on the people assembled below, and every face was lifted to greet her. A thrill shot through Rachel, a thrill as sweet and comforting as an evening prayer. These were her children and her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren. How very, very much she had got out of her marriage — far more than she had ever put into it!

She saw Rachel Ann and Johnny standing side by side smiling up at her. She was glad she had not told Rachel Ann what was in her heart. Each woman must learn for herself that marriage is not just orange blossoms and white taffeta wedding dresses and new cottages with green shutters and the thrill of being called "Mrs."; but it's sometimes grumpy husbands and whiny children and fault finding and pride and envy—yes, and love all mixed together. It was the big thing, the feeling of a job well done that marked a marriage a success.

Slowly she walked down the stairs. Her eyes met Charles' eyes. There was a sheepish look in his, a humble, adoring look. He can't help being Charles," Rachel thought, "anymore than I can help being Rachel. . . . He certainly has his good qualities. . . . He's always been a good provider. . . . He doesn't drink. . . . He's honest as the day is long. . . . He's never looked at another woman. . . . I know the best of Charles and the worst of him and I still love him!"

Her steps became quick and sure as she walked down the stairs into Charles' arms.

"A Woman's Best Years"

Achsa E. Paxman

Relief Society General Board Member

IN W. Beren Wolfe's book, *A Woman's Best Years*, he advises, "Make it your business to read at least one good magazine and one good book every month. You can do this by devoting the last fifteen minutes of every day, just before you go to bed, to reading."

The women of Relief Society have exhibited an eagerness for knowledge by their interest in the educational program given each week at Relief Society meetings. Many of the women read the lessons, the *Magazine*, the books of the literature course, and other outlined material. However, much improvement can still be made in planning to read something fine each day. A recent comment was made that it is surprising that adults read as little as they do. A survey reported at the Brigham Young University Leadership Week, 1941, showed that only one out of four people read a book during their lifetime, college students drop a great many studies which they were once interested in, and most people do not try to acquire knowledge by reading current events about our world.

"The glory of God is intelligence" has been quoted many times. The people of our Church and state have been impressed with the importance of acquiring knowledge, and as a result our state has a high educational rating. Statistics show that Utah has more college students per capita than any state in the nation. Utah lacks a fraction of one percent in having the highest percentage of high school students per capita, two states exceed her.* E. L. Thorndike recently analyzed the number of eminent scientists listed in *Who's Who*. He found that Utah ranked first, for Utah had the largest percentage of native sons named of any state in the Union.

Mr. Wolfe emphasizes the importance of reading and advises women to develop the quality of imagination. "The most important thing that you must do in order to acquire imagination is to expose yourself to other people's ideas, and try to apply them to your own life. One of the best ways of doing this is to read the books of the great thinkers and writers who see life more clearly than we ordinary people. If you want to be well beloved, if you want people to consider you the life of the party, then you must give up old bromides that you have learned as a child and put yourself in touch with the thoughts and ideas of the great spirits of all times."

Managing a home requires skill and responsibility. Every woman needs outside information and inspiration to assist her in performing her homemaking profession.

"A woman who knows what is happening in Central Europe as well as what is happening in her pantry; a woman who has read

*Research Bulletin of National Education Association.

Thomas Mann as well as her morning newspaper; a woman who interests herself in the tremendous problems of work, education, distribution, and consumption in this most interesting of all ages, that woman is not going to get herself into a panic because she has discovered another gray hair at her temples."

We are frequently reminded of the great amount of time that is wasted by both young and old, that time is more valuable than money, but that lack of planning and poor judgment in choosing makes it impossible to accomplish the things that bring the greatest recompense. Mr. Wolfe warns us against to much detail. "Do not waste your time trying to have your home perfectly clean, or your children perfectly educated, or your dress perfectly sewn. Too much attention to detail blinds you to the great moments of life. Do not be the kind of woman who is so busy counting trees that she doesn't know she is in the forest."

OCCASIONALLY Relief Society officers have expressed concern because of the sensitiveness of some of their members who take offense easily or are fearful lest they make mistakes or cannot perform an assignment as perfectly as someone else.

In *A Woman's Best Years*, we read: "Much of the unhappiness in the world is due to the fact that people do not understand each other. Every human being, without exception, suffers from a sense of inferiority. It makes no difference whether that human being is man or woman, rich or poor, educated or ignorant. Every human being believes that his sense of inferiority is the only one that exists in the world, and he, therefore, attempts to prevent other people from finding out how insignificant he really feels he is. Knowing that everybody in the world feels inferior and that every one is in the same boat with yourself, you can make yourself loved by everybody by behaving in such a manner that all the people with whom you come in contact will feel a sense of poise and security in your presence. You can begin by praising them for little things which you notice they do. This implies that you will have to sharpen your vision for details and look for opportunities to be helpful."

Go out of your way every day to make one person, preferably a person not in your own family, feel that the world is a better place to live in. Look for things to appreciate.

"If you make your happiness depend on your background, your money, your opportunities, or your education, you are likely to be unhappy for the rest of your life; but if your happiness depends on what you are doing to make the world a more civilized place to live in, then you have happiness always within your grasp."

Mr. Wolfe gives many suggestions for the art of staying young which each reader must apply according to her own individual situation. Every woman wants to remain young, young in body and young in spirit. Childhood, adolescence, womanhood, are three decades of preparation. Life comes to its flower in the fourth decade, or after forty, and in the decades beyond unfolds its meaning and value. Youth is not a matter of years, but

a matter of mental attitudes. The goal of eternal youth is now within the reach of every woman who learns to be the master of her hours and not the victim of her years.

"To attempt to maintain the pitch of youth is folly and ignorance. Go to your doctor and make it a rule to be examined once a year after you are thirty-five. Follow his suggestions and don't let any physical weakness cripple your activity or cloud your mind.

"The best investment for middle age is a wide horizon of interest, emotional vitality and elasticity, broad social activities, and a career of service to your fellowmen."

Our Church provides all of these if we will let it. We have many opportunities for mental improvement, service to our fellowmen, social activities, and for making right decisions by keeping faith in God and in the ultimate triumph of right. All of these advantages help us to gain confidence and self-respect. "In order to build up your self-respect, you must do one thing every day that makes you more responsible, that makes you a better participant in, and a greater contributor to, the life around you.

"Give service, make your contribution to mankind and you will never suffer from insults or discriminations or petty disappointments. Always have so much work planned ahead that any interruption or disappointment will simply leave you free to accomplish something that you have been wanting to do for a long time.

"You must accept the challenge of the years. Face them with open eyes and courage. Know yourself, your assets, your limitations, your special powers, and your hidden weaknesses. Then you can meet these problems with poise and serenity and say with Robert Browning:

" 'Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.' "

WILLOW SHADE

Vesta P. Crawford

Now the heat of searing noon
Is shimmered on the valley wide,
And waves of warmth are drifted
On summer's flowing tide;

And one who seeks the quiet road
For shadows dark and cool
Shall find the boughs of willows
Leaning on a pool;

For oh, among the lovely things
God's sun and rain have made,
Loveliest are bended boughs
And gracious willow shade.

HAPPENINGS

Annie Wells Cannon

Now golden summer brings her rarest offerings,
For all along the fragrant way are flowers gay,
While across the sapphire sky, sweetest song birds fly.

THE "call of the wild" has sounded, and vacation time is here. This year all things are different. The accustomed lure to canyon haunts or forests green or sandy shores will be mostly a memory, for the need of the hour beckons to training camps, munition factories, cities of industry and commerce, where women substitute as workers, bus drivers and messengers, and in some countries it beckons even to the battlefield.

DOWAGER QUEEN MARY, of England, residing now somewhere in the "West Country" still visits military hospitals, giving aid and sympathy.

JACQUELINE COCHRAN is agitating a Government school for training women pilots as teachers in the different aviation schools. She would have them classed as an auxiliary air corps for all types of training except those relating to actual combat. Many women have already received flight scholarships, among them Eleanor Fordham, a Salt Lake girl.

HELEN KELLER was given a rising ovation at the golden jubilee of the General Federation of Wommen's Clubs this spring when fifty-six outstanding members were paid special tribute for distinguished service. Among those classified as "firsts" were Frances Perkins, first woman in a President's cabinet, Daisie Harriman, first woman minister to Norway, and Jeanette Rankin, first congresswoman.

DOROTHY SHEPHERD, Utah girl connected with American Legation in Lima, Peru, is a great admirer of the beauty and graciousness of the South American women and wonders if some of their content would not add charm to our busy life in the States.

SERAPIA LANERIA, 118 years old, of Phoenix, Arizona, Elizabeth Snow Call Burt, 94, of Brigham City, Utah, and Mary W. Richards, of Arizona, are three notable pioneer mothers who died this spring—women with marvelous records of service, faith, and courage.

LAURA E. FINLAYSON, 90, of West Jordan, and Mary Jane Meeks Pearce, 90, of Taylor, Arizona, were feted and honored in their respective communities for their wonderful accomplishments.

CATHERINE VAN DYKE witnessed last month the colorful presentation of her play "Audubon." She is the first person to write a play with the great naturalist, John James Audubon, as central figure.

VERA BRITTAIN'S "England's Hour," is the experience of a distinguished Englishwoman during the present time; while Phyllis Moir gives an intimate picture of England's Prime Minister in her book, "I was Winston Churchill's Private Secretary."

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EDITORIAL

M. I. A. and Primary General Conferences

AMONG the many interesting and important activities of the Church are the general Church and auxiliary conferences. Twice each year the Church membership is privileged to meet in general conference to receive instruction and inspiration from the General Authorities. Twice each year, in connection with these conferences, the Sunday School work is given consideration. Twice each year the Relief Society conducts a general conference in the interest of its program, while each June the Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Asosciations and the Primary Association assemble their workers that their special Church assignments may be more effectively fulfilled. These conferences play a significant part in the successful conduct of the work of the Church and are far-reaching in their influence.

Each of the Church auxiliary organizations has an important individual responsibility in promoting the work of the Church. Through their general conferences they are enabled to instruct local officers in the various phases of their programs. The needs of their various groups are pointed out, and programs are interpreted in the light of these needs. General conferences enlarge the vision of local workers and inspire them to renewed effort.

While each of the auxiliary organizations has its own division of responsibility within the Church, the goal of all is the same—the building of firm, unwavering testimonies in the hearts of the people, and the advancement of the work of the Lord. All are united in the accomplishment of these great purposes.

The recent conferences conducted by the Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations and by the Primary Association merit special commendation. The vision of the general boards, their insight into the needs of their groups, their understanding of their problems, their willingness to assume their responsibilities as leaders, and their efficiency in planning their work were very evident. The devotion of the local workers was apparent in the excellent attendance and

the enthusiastic response to all programs.

While all meetings held in connection with these conferences were very fine, the singing of 1600 Primary boys and girls dressed in white blouses was particularly impressive. Drawn from sixteen stakes, 800 children sang at the Saturday morning session of the Primary conference, and 800 additional children sang at the Sunday morning session. The stirring rendition on Saturday of "Our Great Primary" and the "Mormon Boy" delighted the large congregation, while the beautiful rendition of the hymns, "Sweet Is the Work," and "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go" at the Sunday session was an inspiration.

The Saturday evening program, presented by the M Men and Gleaners, entitled, "New Pioneers—On the March!" is also deserving of special mention. The production written and directed by Alvin G. Pack was designed to impress the youth of the Church with the importance of a clean life and to show them that, "contrary to the claims of liquor and tobacco companies, one need not smoke and drink to be fashionable"; that there is proof on every hand that many of the nation's most intelligent and popular people do not smoke and drink. The first part of the program, "Old Pioneers On the Trail," was a radio dramatization of the coming to the Valley in 1847 of Jedediah M. Grant, father of President Heber J. Grant, and featured a cast of professional radio artists, all young Utah people who do not smoke or drink. The second part of the program, "Modern Pioneers," presented the views of the nation's great abstainers — pioneers in many fields—on the importance of abstaining from the use of alcohol and tobacco. The third part, "New Pioneers — On the March!" presented the challenge to our youth, the "New Pioneers" of the Church. The program concluded with an impressive salute to President Heber J. Grant, who was proclaimed, "the beloved standard bearer of the 'New Pioneers.'"

The obstacles, temptations, and trials in the paths of our young people today are many and grave. Sterling characters are required to conquer them. Those very obstacles, however, constitute a great and a glorious challenge—a challenge that is the heritage and obligation of the youth of the Church to accept. Our pioneer forefathers remained steadfast in the face of ominous difficulties. They achieved an almost impossible task. They did not surrender, but fought for their ideals. So the youth of the Church today, sustained by the same testimonies which sustained their forebears, must fight for their ideals; they must not surrender, but must meet the challenge of their day with courage and fortitude.

The mothers of the Church are grateful for the efforts of the Church auxiliaries in behalf of their children —the youth of the Church.

The Relief Society General Board appreciates the constantly increasing spirit of cooperation that exists among the Church auxiliaries and which is bound to result in a stronger and more unified Church organization.

Rulon S. Wells

THE death of Rulon S. Wells, Wednesday, May 7, removed from the leadership of the Church a valiant worker. For forty-eight years a member of the First Council of Seventy, and at the time of his death its senior president, Brother Wells' life has been characterized by devoted missionary service. From 1875 to 1877 he fulfilled his first mission for the Church in the Swiss and German Mission. Since that time he has presided over the European Mission, has assisted in opening up South America as a field for missionary labor, and has given years of service as a home missionary. In addition to his labors as a missionary, he has served the Church in ward capacities and as a member of the General Board of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. For many years he was associated with Dr. John A. Widtsoe on the foreign-language committee of the Church, assisting with the supervision and publication of the foreign-language newspapers of the Church.

Brother Wells was born July 7, 1854, in Salt Lake City, Utah, the son of President Daniel H. Wells of the First Presidency, and Louisa Free. Shortly after returning from the Swiss and German Mission, he married Josephine E. Beattie, daughter of Hampton S. and Marion T. Beattie, January 18, 1883. Sister Wells preceded Brother Wells in death eighteen years. Her death occurred in 1923. Seven children were born to Brother and Sister Wells. Four daughters and two sons survive them.

The keen intellect and spiritual vigor of Rulon S. Wells have enabled him to live a life conspicuous for its service to both his Church and state. He will be remembered and loved by the membership of the Church for the clarity and conviction with which he has taught the principles of the Gospel. We mourn the passing of such a leader, but praise our Heavenly Father for his life.

Marriage of General Board Member

AMONG the many delightful June weddings of interest to Relief Society women was that of Miss Leona B. Fetzer, Relief Society General Board member, and J. Wallace Wintch, which occurred in the Salt Lake Temple, June 18, 1941. Sister Fetzer has been a member of the Relief Society General Board since January 1, 1940, and is especially well known for her social welfare activities.

The General Board extends its best wishes for a happy and successful married life.

New General Board Member

AS we go to press, the Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the appointment, June 18, 1941, by the First Presidency, of Priscilla L. Evans as a member of the Relief Society General Board. A biographical sketch of Sister Evans will appear in the August issue of the *Magazine*.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Interest On Relief Society Wheat Trust Fund

THE Presiding Bishop's Office, which holds in trust the wheat fund owned by the Relief Society in hundreds of wards and by some of the stakes, is making the annual interest payment on this fund on July 1, 1941. This interest is paid by means of check for all amounts of one dollar or more; amounts of less than one dollar will be mailed direct to Relief Society presidents in the form of postage stamps. The checks are drawn in favor of the Relief Societies who have ownership in the fund, but are mailed to the bishops of the wards for ward Relief Societies, and to the stake president for stake Relief Societies. All Relief Society presidents whose organizations have ownership in this fund are requested to obtain the checks from their respective bishops at once. It is requested that these checks be cashed immediately, and that the endorsement on the reverse of the checks be in the name of the Society followed by the name of the Relief Society president. All interest payments, whether received in the form of check or postage stamps, are to be entered in the Relief Society record books as interest received on wheat trust fund.

Relief Society officers will note that the amount of interest received this year (1941) is slightly lower than the amount received in 1940. The lower amount is due to the conversion of additional amounts of the trust fund into wheat for storage. It is probable that further amounts will also be reinvested in wheat in the future. Therefore, inasmuch as interest is not paid on the amount which is in the form of wheat, the Societies having ownership in the fund may expect an even lower amount of interest next year for maternity and health work. The Relief Society is appreciative of the wise handling of the wheat trust fund by the Presiding Bishopric which has made it possible for the various local Societies who own an interest in the fund to receive returns in interest at the comparatively high rate which has been allowed during the past years, especially when it is realized that interest rates paid by banks have dwindled materially during this period.

Binding Material For Relief Society Magazine

IN *The Relief Society Magazine* for January, 1941, page 43, announcement was made regarding the availability of material for binding *The Relief Society Magazine*. Each package contains enough material to bind twelve volumes, and will not be broken in order to sell smaller amounts. The price of each package of binding material was formerly stated at $3.15; because of advancing prices it has been necessary for us to increase the price to $3.50 per package for binding material ordered after July 1, 1941. Indexes are furnished free of charge upon request. Orders for binding material should be addressed to: The General Board of Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Merry-Go-Round

Alice Morrey Bailey

CHAPTER 4

SYNOPSIS

LYN FORDYCE, proud of her background of family and wealth is shocked when her husband,

OHN FORDYCE, whom she has never considered a great success, announces that he has lost his job—which he has never liked, but which paid a salary of $500 a month—and has taken a job with Mr. Milton, of the Intermountain Milton Nurseries, working at horticulture—which he has always liked, but which pays only $150 a month. He is stubborn about using their brilliant social connections to obtain a more lucrative position, and Alyn accuses him of selfishness, reminding him that she needs material things to compensate her for her inability to have children.

John discovers a sport, or mutation, on an apricot tree—one limb that blossoms earlier than the rest.

Alyn meets Judith Wyatt, an attractive young widow, who is apparently to become a mother.

Alyn pretends to her friends that there has been no change in the Fordyce's financial status, even though they have actually run short of food, due, of course, to her inability to manage on John's limited salary. She and John quarrel over money.

Alyn is discouraged. She reviews her life with John and sees no place in which she has failed. Indeed, she feels that she has contributed a great deal toward their marriage, which John, for some reason, fails to appreciate. She feels he is insensitive to her needs and callous to her misery. She has no children—nothing to compensate her for all she has endured. "There is just no way out but divorce," she concludes, and promptly makes an appointment with

JUDGE OLDHAM, an experienced and able lawyer.

IT was not until Alyn entered the office of Judge Oldham that she began to have some trepidation. Judge Oldham was a plain-spoken old gentleman, but he would be kind to her because he had been a friend of her father's. His office was still housed by the old Gladstone Building, whose ornate hallway with its wrought iron and varnished wood beckoned her from an "eighteen ninety" past. Of course, it was well kept, down to the last polished brass doorknob, but it was in striking contrast to the streamlined offices of Tory Meade and his contemporaries. Alyn didn't mind. The atmosphere seemed to lend dignity to her errand.

The secretary had her hat on when Alyn walked in.

"I waited to go out until you came, Mrs. Fordyce. The Judge wants me to do some errands. I hope you won't mind. Make yourself comfortable. Here are magazines. He is with a client now, but she will leave soon."

"Quite all right," murmured Alyn. She could hear the Judge talking and a woman's voice from the other room.

But Alyn couldn't settle herself to a magazine. She arose to circle the room; she gazed absently at the restful old oil paintings that decorated the walls. Gradually the words of the two in the next room bore in on her consciousness.

"You say that he doesn't drink to excess?" Judge Oldham was saying. "'Other women' is not your problem, Mrs. Payne? So far as I can see, he is an honest and honorable man

who pays his bills and, up to now, has provided amply for his wife, judging by the lovely clothes you are wearing. He is good to you; his only sin against you is the loss of his money."

"You don't understand, Judge. You don't see. . . . Think what I've been through. The mental cruelty. . . . "

"Yes, but I do see. And I'm going to tell you exactly what I see. I see that in the first place you are a small child who has not been spanked since you were as young physically as you are mentally. Does it occur to you that you might have been inflicting mental cruelty upon him? Don't you see that the very first time in his life when he needs his wife to stand by him and face the music you are failing him—adding your reproaches to those of the rest of the world? Does it occur to you to wonder what he has been through? I think not. I believe your mind is much more on yourself and clothes and the opinion of your neighbors, than upon what goes on in your husband's heart and mind, upon whether he will crack under the strain. I have nothing further to say, and I will not handle your divorce."

Alyn waited for no more. Gathering her purse and her gloves, she fled before the door would open, for every word that the Judge had said felt like a whip to her own sensitivity —so much so that she entirely forgot the presence of the other woman.

THERE was nothing to do but go home—home to a house empty of food. Her future seemed equally empty as she made her way back to the place she loved so much. How could John have eaten breakfast and left her nothing? But upon entering the kitchen, she noticed John had not eaten all the food. The bacon was stretched neatly in the pan, and the eggs were on the buffet shelf of the gas range. Against her plate a note had been propped. "Alyn, darling," it read, "I hate so badly to put you through all this. I dearly love you and would not have you hurt for the world. John."

Alyn crumpled the note against her face and wept. Now, everything would be all right. Why, she really loved John; he had become so much a habit, he was just like a part of herself. How fortunate that she had not talked to Judge Oldham this morning. She felt sure that John would relent in his ridiculous stand to stay with his position with Intermountain Milton Nurseries, and they would go on as before.

When John came home, she went graciously into his arms, as befitted a lady who had won her way. He searched her with his eyes. "I know you are starving, honey. No luncheon invitation today?" he asked.

"Nonsense," she assured him, "I've eaten less when I've been dieting. I didn't want breakfast, so I ate the things you left for lunch." She remembered the circumstance with guilt, and added hastily, "And what did you eat for breakfast?"

"I got by," said John easily, "I sold something I didn't need. Some groceries are coming up."

"Oh, John," said Alyn, "not a pawn shop?"

"What else?" shrugged John calmly. "I don't like it either. It will not happen again," he said smiling, but Alyn knew it was a command. He had used the same tone before,

he summer Josephine and Bea had gone to Europe and wanted her to accompany them. John had refused her quietly and kindly, but he had not budged an inch. Alyn had begged and pleaded, used all her artifices, but she had not gone to Europe. There was simply that one little quality in John that would not be broken. He could tell her not to run over her allotment, and she knew she must not run over it. It wasn't fair, but she kept resentment out of her voice as she said easily, "All of that will take care of itself when you are in a better-paying position; it isn't that I spend too much, John, it's that you don't make enough." In answer, he did an odd thing. He drew her to the divan, sat on a chair in front of her, and looked at her long and earnestly.

"Alyn, I won't repeat what I have already said about my present work, though it is no less true now than it was twenty-four hours ago. Please believe me when I say that my decision with regard to my work is final. It is more vital to me than life itself. It is just as vital to you, and I must make you see it."

Her momentary annoyance was interrupted by something urgent and compelling in his gaze. The light from the west window frosted his hair, a little grey at the temples, and the rim of his glasses. There was no denying, John was a distinguished looking man, neither excessively tall nor fat for middle life; he was a substantial-looking person, a typical business man, well cared for, with the controlled features of an executive. His eyes, a living brown, spoke to her, reaching for her thoughts, searching her reactions, reassuring her fears. There was depth in them, a sureness she had not noticed before. There was something quietly indomitable, something thrilling about John. His voice went on:

"There must be a dominating interest in every life, Alyn. Moreover, that interest, whatever it is, must be something important. There must be some reason for its being. There must be some justification for living."

Alyn, absorbed in a new appreciation of her husband, noted the rise and fall of his voice, the deep timbre of it; she heard the words only superficially. "I am no exception," he continued, "and you are no exception. There comes a time, my dear, when we are no longer children, but adults. We must have at least one thing that sustains us, or we crack up. That time has come for me, and I think it is not far off for you."

"But, John!" Alyn protested, "I am interested; I have been interested. Getting ahead seems. . . ."

"Yes," said John thoughtfully, "getting ahead—progressing. Progression is right, darling, but we, you and I, have made the wrong application of it. You wanted to excel socially and financially, and that is wrong. It is wrong because there is no lasting value in it, and someday, after you had wasted your brilliant self and your undoubted ability on it, you would have found that out—too late."

This was really intriguing, she thought. "I had no idea you had such serious thoughts," she said. "What was your wrongly-applied part of it then, John? I am sure you did not share that one with me, considering the difficulty I have always had dragging you to social affairs."

"Mine was in trying to make you

happy," said John, to Alyn's dismay.

"Well, certainly, there shouldn't be anything wrong in that—making one's wife happy," she said, a little tartly.

"You are right—if it could be done; but because we built upon the wrong foundation, we were both destined to fail. You could never have attained your desire because you had to depend on me to make it come true. I could never attain mine because I had to depend upon work I didn't like in order to bring it about."

All John had said, the manner of his speaking, had the conviction of truth, new as it was to Alyn, hard as it was for her to understand. How thankful she was that she had not been launched, even now, upon a course from which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to turn—divorce. Alyn felt really happy, exalted with her pride in John—until morning; until the call from Josephine.

"DARLING, we missed you so at Bea's luncheon yesterday. Why didn't you come?"

"Bea's luncheon?" said Alyn blankly. "I didn't know she was having one."

"Oh, my dear, then I have done something I shouldn't have. I thought, of course, she had invited you; so unlike Bea."

It was unlike Bea—not the giving of a luncheon without Alyn, of course, but being so quiet about it. Alyn could almost hear her say, "I'm having those women from the committee, Alyn, and I can't have anyone I want, but the ghastly thing must be gotten over with." That was Bea's way, rather than to have the crowd and merely leave Alyn out. Moreover, there had been much more in Josephine's voice than in her words, and Alyn recognized instantly that Josephine knew she hadn't been invited, and why. She had a sense of earthquake with the fissure widening at her feet.

"Nonsense," she lied valiantly. "I had an important engagement to fill—one I couldn't break. No doubt Bea knew it."

"Of course," agreed Josephine sweetly, and added magnanimously, "I want you for Friday, dear. I simply can't think of not having you."

"Friday?" said Alyn, pretending perplexity. "I couldn't possibly come Friday. I've had something planned for weeks. Thank you so much, but don't count on me."

That ought to even the score a little, she thought grimly as she finished the conversation. This was a battle, with social engagements as missiles. But what had she done that the missiles should be aimed at her?

Nothing, certainly! It all traced back to John. Where was he with his high sounding phrases? She knew with awful clarity just what had happened at the luncheon: "Did you see Alyn's face when I told her about seeing John at Milton's?" and "Did you notice her when Mary mentioned his job?" "It's too bad that Alyn has to lower her standards when she has always been used to so much," someone would say with satisfaction. "I could never afford such clothes as she has," Mary would say self-righteously, "with all Will makes."

It would all be there, her family, her marriage, and her pride, stripped to shreds with silken claws. How

any times she had partaken of ese little polite travesties; they emed harmless chatter then, but ow different it was now that she as their target!

It was cruel of John to place her such a position with not one eapon for her defense. If she uld only be somewhere else until ie might plan a course that would ve her self-esteem—a trip, anyhere to be away. Why not write Connie Cummings? Connie had ged her many times to come and end a few weeks. But, no, Connie new Bea's sister who lived in the me town. The news of John's failure would no doubt have traveled that far already. She could imagine Connie's probable reply: "So sorry, but we have planned an eastern trip or one to Alaska; in any case, we won't be home for some weeks to come." No, she couldn't risk it with any of her friends who might have connections with her set.

Suddenly, Alyn knew what she would do; she had the answer to her problem, and the next time things became unbearable she would not be helpless. Alyn was going to get herself a job.

(To be continued)

PERFECT TRUST

Elsie E. Barrett

So long as there are homes
  Where women beckon tired men,
  Where children play, and then
Where thanks are given, duties done—
So long as there are homes
  Where prayers are said to daily guide,
  Where love and faith abide,
Where each dawn sees new tasks begun—
So long as there are homes
  Remembering the Christmas star—
  Though many nations war,
In darkness grope,
The loyal souls within those homes
  Will still have hope.

Planned Living

Vivian R. McConkie

(Relief Society General Conference, General Session, April 3, 1941)

THE way a man lives and thinks is his philosophy. Philosophy is the way you look at life. A philosopher makes it a business to look at life. He draws up a plan of what he sees, and we call it a philosophic system. Latter-day Saints have a revealed philosophic system—a plan of life given to them by our Heavenly Father. If we accept the Gospel as such, at the very outset we have a point of advantage in this floundering world. We have a plan to live by. The heights we climb will depend upon our understanding of and our appreciation for this restored and revealed doctrine of Christ. Where people have an abundance of understanding and appreciation for the Gospel, they are very anxious that their families and the people over whom they preside by virtue of their callings in the Church, acquire a rich understanding and an appreciation for its principles.

The world is groping blindly for an acceptable philosophy. The philosophies of men are continually changing. What is acceptable one day is rejected the next, either totally or in part. Today philosophy serves as a hypothesis to build upon. Men are ever striving to arrive at truth. The difference between our plan of life and the man-made theories is that ours has been revealed from heaven, and revealed truth is always the same. "Truth abideth forever and ever." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 1:39)

I want to discuss planned living from the Gospel angle. Before an effective plan of any sort is made, we must feel the need for it, and it must be worthy of consideration. This is our stimulus. It would be better to make plans to bring about desired ends before we become overwhelmed in difficulties, but a great many of us never look at life nor think about it until we are startled into it. Frequently deep and unhappy experiences set us to thinking. Before we take opportunity to stop and to think through to an answer, our daily round of duties prevents our doing so. Life goes headlong, and the next step finds us still baffled and unprepared. Nevertheless, it is never too late to put determined efforts to better use.

What is the goal that we as Latter-day Saint mothers desire to achieve and to have our families achieve? The ultimate aim is to perfect ourselves and our families, that we might have eternal life; that is, become so perfect that we can live in the presence of The Eternal One. Our immediate aims are to know how to do this, and what the requirements are. How are we going to plan to accomplish it? Good planning has two important characteristics:

(1) It ought to be realistic; that is, there should be agreement on exactly what results we want to get and the techniques to acquire them by a direct method. Planning that seeks important results by indirection is doomed to disappointment.

(2) The planning ought to be pragmatic; that is, attention should be given to the causes and to the

effects. If such and such exists, why? It ought to involve our constant scrutiny of results, to see whether the results we are actually getting are the results we want to get. We shall not make much progress by merely introducing our plans, however promising the innovation. We must face continually and honestly the question of whether our plans actually work. If we measure results and check our progress, better planning will eventually result.

OUR children are not set in a mold of completed personality. As mothers we have definite things to do for them during their formative years. How are we to aid them in learning to live in accordance with the Gospel plan? By way of preliminaries in getting ready to plan for and to direct others, let us be sure that we are in order ourselves, and see to it that we have clear-cut, well-defined and correct ideas of just what we believe as Latter-day Saints, coupled with the courage and faith to go forward and to live according to our beliefs. If we haven't faith to live in accordance with the Gospel standards, we can never understand the principles of the Gospel. That may startle some, but it is true because the Lord has said it. The Gospel is a spiritual plan. It came to us revealed from our Heavenly Father, and it is understood by the spirit of God, which spirit does not enlighten men's minds with clarity unless their lives are in harmony. This is the plan of righteousness. If we conform to it, we are then entitled to inspiration to help us effect plans for our families. Clear vision brings forth good fruitful planning, but where we are confused in our thinking, our actions will be in confusion, full of disregard and disrespect for that which the Lord requires of us.

In establishing this first premise—that of having a correct and well-defined understanding of what the Church wishes us to do—let us use the scriptures as our source. The Lord's mind and will has been made known through the prophets, living and dead, and we will not be left to flounder if we are in a position to understand by virtue of our living in harmony.

We must be definitely sure what our ideals are. Merely rejecting certain things does not solve problems. We have to affirm something. We never can arrive without being affirmative.

We can break through the barriers that are obstructing the desirable goals in our homes, but we must learn how to do it. This brings us quickly to the point in question—planned living. The best plans grow out of conferring with our family groups—pooling our thoughts. Collective thinking, cooperatively administered, is very desirable. Whether we recognize the need of planned living or not, we are living, and time takes us somewhere. Where direction, guidance, and leadership are faulty, our families become accustomed to following their own inclinations, which are the natural or human desires, undisciplined. That is the plan evolving whether we like it or not, whether it be praiseworthy or otherwise. One condition or the other exists. Either there is direction or the plan is one of indirection and an undesirable way of living results.

LET us analyze conditions in our homes, and see our problems

clearly. We can improve conditions. When we recognize a problem, it's a big step forward. We become enslaved by conditions or, I could say, somewhat unaware of the path we are traveling. Conditions never surpass the people's ideals or their understanding of how things should be. Let's scrutinize ourselves and see if our ideals, conceptions, and understanding of Gospel principles measure up. I believe there is a very close relationship between these three "harmonies" — faith, understanding, and doing. We must recognize the interdependence that exists there. "If ye keep my commandments ye shall know of the doctrine." "I understand more than the ancients because I keep thy commandments." But, "Remember that without faith you can do nothing." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 8:10.) It requires faith to keep the commandments. We do not live better than our faith permits us to live.

Unity of opinion plays a potent part in a general way in planning to live, but it in no wise excuses us as individuals from knowing and doing the right things, both as individuals and as family groups. We could all be rapidly moving toward the goals that the Lord has set for us if we were all united in our opinions and if those opinions were right. I recognize the richness of strength that comes from diversity. I'm not unmindful of that when I say that it is weakness and it is an evil when everyone has a different opinion as to what the Lord says we should do relative to such and such. If we had faith enough to accept in plainness and "oneness" what the Lord requires of us, we would be a unit of great strength. To some this might mean regimentation, but to me it means added power and strength.

We all have our free agency and can do as we like, and we can use all of our individuality in effecting ways and means to put into practice what the Lord has said we should do. That is a big enough job for anyone. Leave the Lord's plan as it is, and use your individuality to bring it about.

When the Lord says we should keep the Sabbath Day holy, or that a tithe is required of His people, and explains what He means by these principles as recorded in the scriptures and explained by our living prophets, our strength and power comes from conformance, and not from individual interpretation.

An eminent sociologist said that if all mankind could agree upon a body of doctrine the world could be transformed in a generation. But the fact is that we do not agree. Because we do not agree, we cannot get beyond generalizations. We are agreed that we want to encourage others to become good citizens; we want them to be honest, truthful and efficient, but when we come to the definitions of those qualities, we are widely divergent.

We have this body of doctrine that was given to us by the Savior, but we ofttimes lack the unity of opinion and have variance of understanding, which results in confusion, disregard, and disrespect for the commandments of the Lord.

NOW referring to the realistic character of the plan, mentioned in the beginning of my remarks, let us check ourselves and see how qualified we are to make a plan. Let us act in conformance with what

the Lord desires us to do. If we do so, we are spiritually armed to begin with, and we know what we wish to accomplish.

Now, just a word as to the technique or methods to put this into action. You can make a workable philosophy by thinking of your own life and experiences, by recognizing conditions as they are in your homes, and by discovering yourself through the teachings of the Savior. We must have great thoughts before we can live them. The best way that we can learn to know ourselves is by doing, by actually making ourselves over every day according to a chosen plan of living—by creative self-sculpture. Splendid as ideas are, the fine art of living is to be learned only by living.

Specificity plays a major part. In this realism be specific. General platitudes do not get you anything. Think in terms of your needs. One of the qualifications of effective leadership is the ability to set up stations along the way. It is the ability to arrive at goals. These might be called the things that come out of you, and they result in the training of the family.

Check on the plan of living that you are following in your homes now. Plan specific things to further your objectives. Look to the example of parents, remembering not to step out of your role of a follower of the Master. Do not begin to tamper with His teachings. Don't adjust the law to fit your way of living, but rather adjust yourselves to the requirements of the law. Analyze and adjust your way of living to the principles of the Gospel. It is not our prerogative to add to or to take from any of the commandments of the Lord. To serve the Lord requires faith and full acceptance of the Gospel. How well we live the Gospel reveals how deeply we have drunk of it. Thus, the philosophy by which we live shapes itself chiefly by the way in which we look at it and live it. Let us cling close to what the Lord desires us to do.

NEW BOOK ON TEMPLES

Temples of the Most High is the title of a new book of interest to Latter-day Saints. It is a compilation of the dedicatory prayers of temples erected in the present dispensation, the historical and physical description of these temples, information pertaining to records and historical places that are held sacred by Latter-day Saints, discourses on the efficacy and sacredness of temple ordinances, and other important and interesting information on Latter-day Saint temples. The book contains a concordance and reference table on temples, temple work and kindred subjects. The compilation was made by N. B. Lundwall, and is profusely illustrated. The book is not only valuable as a reference book but has general reading interest.

Summary Of Reports By Returned Relief Society Mission Presidents

(Relief Society General Conference, Officers' Meeting, April 2, 1941)

Our Lives—The Greatest Sermon

Mima M. Broadbent, Former President, North Central States Mission Relief Society

OUR beloved apostle, Melvin J. Ballard, said, "The greatest sermon any of us will ever preach will be the sermon of our lives." This is true, and there is no time or place in the lives of Latter-day Saint women when this cannot be done — not what we say, not what we profess, but what we do is the thing that counts in actual life.

I am grateful to my Heavenly Father for having had the privilege of serving in the North Central States Mission among a choice people and among splendid missionaries. For nearly three and one-half years it was my privilege and joy to welcome into this mission the missionaries—your sons and daughters. They came, as you well know, from every walk of life, and no doubt the majority of them had been reared from infancy with the thought that some day they would fulfill a mission. The rapid development which came to them when they put themselves in tune with their Heavenly Father and became fully sensitive of His spirit, was nothing short of miraculous.

If I were to be asked the question, "What would you desire most that your child possess in life?" I would unhesitatingly answer, "A living, active testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as restored by the Prophet Joseph Smith and as taught by our inspired leaders today." Why would I desire that? Because I know that my child would have high ideals and a high standard of life, as well as a means and method by which those ideals and standards might be reached.

A testimony expressed in words is not enough—it must be lived. I am of the opinion that we have no stronger testimony than our actions show. My daily life is my testimony; having a knowledge points the way, but putting that knowledge into practice is what counts. In these days of war, famine, and chaotic conditions, with unrest everywhere, all people are striving for some means by which to bring peace. Our leaders have warned us and re-warned us that there is but one path of safety for the Latter-day Saints and mankind throughout the world, and that is the path that is marked out by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is not a testimony, it is not a marvelous manifestation, it is not knowing that Jesus is the Christ or that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God that will save you and me, but it is keeping the commandments of God, living each day the life of a Latter-day Saint, that will bring us individually through in safety. The Lord has said, "I, the Lord, am bound when

e do what I say; but when ye do ot what I say, ye have no promise." Doc. and Cov. 82:10)

The missionaries and Saints in ur mission have had many faith-romoting experiences. At one time, ve were entering the Canadian part f our mission, and the agent in harge, upon being told that we were atter-day Saints, made this com-nent, "The cleanest, dearest buddy hat I had in the World War was a Mormon boy. I love him and respect im with all my heart. Any cour-esy I may extend to a member of is Church will be a real pleasure." The example which this Mormon oy had set had lived and become ffective.

One of our sisters had made ar-angements to be taken care of in maternity hospital. She made the equest that she be not placed in a ward with patients who smoked, and he request was granted. In due ime the baby arrived, and the sister was placed in a private room. The day before she was released from the hospital, the nurse in charge paid her a visit. She said, "The reason you are here in this room is that out of the forty-two mothers who are in this hospital, you are the only one who does not smoke. Why they do it is more than I can explain. How is it that you do not smoke?" Then our member had the opportunity of explaining, in part at least, the Word of Wisdom. Later our missionaries followed up this conversation and the nurse became a baptized members of the Church—all because one little woman preached a sermon in action.

It matters not where we are, among strange or familiar people, at home or abroad, I know beyond the shadow of a doubt that the most effective method, the most divine method of preaching this Gospel is by example.

Spirituality In The Missions

Mary T. Clayson

Former President, Southern States Mission Relief Society

SPIRITUALITY in the mission field is like a candle on a stormy night. A sudden draft may make it flicker and grow dim, but with practice and care one learns to protect its feeble flame until it shines continually, growing brighter, enlightening one's entire personality.

I have seen your sons and daughters come into the mission field, and I have admired them; I have thought what a splendid job their mothers have done. They realize that they are in the mission field to acquire a firm testimony of the Gospel, and to lift up their voices to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. A testimony is something that you cannot buy, you cannot inherit; you work for it with the greatest sincerity you have ever worked for anything in your whole life—not only to gain it, but to retain it.

Missionaries who come from homes where the standards and ideals of Mormonism are upheld,

and who understand the rewards and the benefits of right living, usually slip into missionary life with ease. On the other hand, I recall a young girl in our mission field who was very self-conscious. She stayed with us for eight weeks. Her grammar was poor, and sometimes she said things which were coarse and vulgar. Of course, she did not mean to. One morning she came to me and said, "What is wrong with me?" I said, "There is nothing wrong with you, dear, only now a part of you that should have been born twenty years ago is just coming into the world, and so you must perhaps work a little harder." She said, "What can I do?" I told her to work and pray. "Pray!" she said. "Do not ever call on me to pray." I said, "You cannot do the work of the Lord unless you call on the Lord; He is your first companion." Later one morinng, there were about ten of us around the table. I said, "There comes a time in the lives of most of us when we need the help of our Father and our Companion." Turning to this girl, I asked her to lead us in family prayer. She responded but faltered like a little kindergarten child, and I had to help her with the prayer. I am proud to say that eighteen months later she spoke in Church, and in all my life I have never heard a truer ring to a testimony nor have I felt greater spirituality.

Another missionary came into the office one day who had been in the field four months. He said, "I am leaving. I am sick of it all, and I am going home." Brother Clayson was out of town. One of the other missionaries tried to reason with him, but it was of no avail. Finally, we telephoned Brother Clayson, and the boy promised to stay for three days until Brother Clayson could return. We prayed together, we visited with him, we did everything to make that elder see the mistake he was making, and at length we persuaded him to stay and fulfill his mission. When I saw him just before I left the mission field, he said, "Mother, I am the happiest man alive today."

We had an elder come into the office one day and say, "We have received a telephone message requesting us to call on a very sick baby. Do you mind if we take the car?" When he got to the door, I said, "I am going with you," and I instinctively took some things I had used for my baby. When we arrived at the home, the sick child did not look as if it could live. The elders administered to the baby, and I did the little simple things I knew how to do, and the baby got well. I could tell many such things that are faith promoting. We may say that faith is man's family relationship to God.

Not long ago we went down to the station to see a young man leave for a mission. There were two special cars—one car was filled with missionaries and the other car with soldiers. This thought came to me, one car is going out in the cause of peace and the other one is going out in the cause of war. May your sons, who are also my sons by right of being their mission mother, carry the testimonies they have gained in the mission field wherever they may go. May the testimony that has grown in their hearts in time fill the hearts of everyone.

The Heritage Of The Mormon Home

Priscilla L. Evans

Former President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society

THERE is one thing absolutely essential to the continued strength of the Church. The auxiliary organizations help, the Priesthood quorums also, the schools and colleges —all are valuable aids to the one fundamental thing that is so essential to the development of the Church, and that is the home. It is difficult now, much more difficult than it was in pioneer times, to maintain the good, old-fashioned Mormon home. Civilization is eating at the roots of the home and seeking to destroy it. In some nations of the world today, the home has already been destroyed. It is much more difficult for our young women of today to maintain the home that is necessary to germinate the roots essential for a good missionary than it was in the time of our grandmothers and mothers, and they must have encouragement, for only from the good old-type Mormon home can we hope to maintain the missionary system as we have it today, and send forth into the world the kind of missionaries I have had the privilege to receive.

It was my pleasure and privilege to spend a good deal of time over a period of several years with my husband's mother, Anna Bruun Evans, in her old farm home on the Weber River, forty miles from here. During her young womanhood, before the time of automobiles, this farm home was very isolated. I am going to speak to you of her for a few minutes, because she is symbolic of the choice spirits who presided over the early homes in the Church. As I speak of her, it will bring to your minds those you love and those who are enshrined in your hearts, for they are very much like her. In her advanced years, she asked to be taken to the old home. To make her comfortable and happy, some remodeling for modern conveniences was necessary. In renovating the attic, the closets and the basement, there were unfolded to our view many of the evidences of that simple, beautiful life of our Mormon pioneers. There I found the cards with which she carded the wool for material for bedding and for clothes. I found a little old picture of my husband and his brother at the ages of eight and ten; they were dressed in suits that she had made from cloth, the wool for which she had carded, and she had woven it and made the clothes. We found the quilting frames and the candle molds in which she had molded twelve candles. We found the old caster—not a bottle broken, even the glass stoppers were all there, and it was just as perfect as it was when she used it. We found the old reed organ just as perfect as it was when she had gathered around her her little boys and girls and had played and sung for them. We found the old cradle as perfect as it was when it rocked the first of the eleven children. I am the proud possessor of this lovely cradle. Sister Evans said to me, "You take that, because if I give it to the younger girls they will take the rock-

ers off, paint it white, and put a bow on it."

When we went into the attic we found several boxes tied with ribbon. Carefully I carried them down, one by one, and opened them in her presence. In one of them we found an old doll made of sawdust, with china head, feet and hands (not bisque)—some of you may remember the old china dolls. There was a little pair of shoes with high tops and scalloped button-holes; they had been worn by a little girl of three who had died sixty years before. There were little wooden boats and other carved things the boys had made. All had been put away carefully. Everything in this home evidenced care and thrift and no waste—she was too grateful to be wasteful. You know waste is an expression of ingratitude.

Brother Evans and I took over the place, and we went to examine the title. Brother Evans and I have examined many titles, but we had never seen one like this. No tax had ever been delinquent, no lien ever recorded against the growing crops, no mortgage ever on the little farm. You will appreciate that in order to rear a family, take care of them in sickness, and bury some, many sacrifices were made and many dreams were unfulfilled. But, as you go into that house even now the very walls speak of peace. We would be humiliated and ashamed now to allow dishonor, carping criticism or unfriendliness to enter those rooms. Those sweet rooms speak of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They had a small farm in a rigorous climate, where they could not even raise fruit, but there was no debt, no dishonor, no unkindness, and Sister Evans reigned as priestess in the home beside her husband, who was a patriarch in the Church. I see her hands now, blue-veined and trembling, but still useful. Water, wind and sun had hardened them; hard work had enlarged the knuckles and broadened them; but how sure they were, how capable, and how tender. Her whole life was written in her hands, as yours and mine is being written in our hands.

THEN, from this atmosphere I went into the mission field. I stepped from a train in New York City, in crowded Grand Central Station, where thousands were pushing and crowding, each intent on his own errand and not at all interested in anything else. We were driven to the mission home through the crowded New York streets and established in a lovely apartment nine stories above the street. It looked out over the Hudson River. From the windows you could observe every kind of craft, from the smallest tug to the largest warships, plying up and down the river. The traffic was tremendous—thousands of cars constantly moving in both directions. It was at once apparent that here was a home established for convenience, for comfort and for the carrying on of efficient missionary work. But there was no air of permanence about it; there was no background of an old Mormon home there. Could we establish this? Yes, if we had within us the right traits of character. But we must remember that tomorrow the walls will speak of what goes on in that home today. The influence will be there of everything we say or do today.

There came into that home those

ely young missionaries of yours. see the girls now, slim, capable, ll groomed, well dressed, well ooled. They looked me over and praised me quite carefully. It was t a critical looking over, for they nted to like me. They had been ought up in a Mormon home and ght to respect authority and to e authority. They wanted to like other Evans, and they hoped they uld not be disappointed. It was r responsibility to see that they ere not disappointed. This home d these young women seemed a r cry from the old Mormon home d "Grandma" Evans. This was t the case, however. As I became tter acquainted with them, and tched them in their branches, mforting when death came, ministering to the sick, engaging in conversations with hostile groups, conducting themselves under all circumstances with womanliness and with dignity, I sensed they were the same young women as our pioneer ancestors, seeking satisfactions in a new way and, I think, in a more difficult way. I am convinced that the pioneer life was not so difficult as the life these girls were living, and I have thought many times what magnificent pioneers they would have made.

So your responsibility in the homes, mothers of the missionaries, is the most sacred responsibility in the whole Church, and may you be happy in the joy that yours is the greatest work that can be done.

"Settlement of Salt Lake Valley"

(*Continued from page 442*)

en established from Ogden to edar City, where the experiences the settlers in the Salt Lake alley were being repeated. Salt ake served as a point of assembly nd redistribution of immigrants as ey arrived every summer and fall ver the covered-wagon route. A odly number remained in the Salt ake Valley where trades and indus- y were developing to provide em- loyment for artisans of all kinds. The digging of cooperative ditches and canals steadily expanded the area of good farming land and ordinarily food supplies were assured. There were lean years, of course, like those of 1855 and 1856, when most rigorous measures were taken to avoid starvation and when the Mormons learned the importance of storing grain as did Joseph in Egypt. But the details of these experiences are another story.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology and Testimony

LESSON 1

Articles of Faith, By James E. Talmage

CHAPTER 1, INTRODUCTORY

(Tuesday, October 7, 1941)

THE following material is suggestive to class leaders and is submitted in the hope that it will assist in better class presentation of these most vital truths of the Gospel. Class leaders are urged to refer to the appendix which is found in the last section of the book.

The class leaders should make every attempt to accomplish the following aims in their treatment of this beginning chapter. The second aim is an aim of the entire course. Class leaders will want always to increase interest in the doctrines of the Church as well as to stimulate a desire to live the teachings.

Aims:

1. Review the *knowledge* of such fundamentals as: what constitutes the field of theology; the chief incidents in the life of Joseph Smith; and the facts contributing to a belief in the authenticity of the mission of Joseph Smith.
2. Increase the *interest* in the doctrines of our Church.

In order to achieve the first aim, a direct approach may be made by selecting four members of the class to "lecture" the materials to the class, each taking about one-fourth of the class time. The chapter may be divided into the following parts: the meaning of theology; the standard works of the Church, pp. 1-7; Joseph Smith, the Prophet, pp. 7-16; Joseph Smith's mission a fulfillment of prophecy, pp. 16-22; Joseph Smith's authority, and the doctrines he preached, pp. 22-28.

The members chosen to "lecture" these topics should be especially strong in ability to speak before a group, as well as being very spiritual. They should be notified of their duties many days in advance in order that they may be adequately prepared.

The second aim probably will be accomplished more indirectly and as a result of the excellent preparation and treatment of the materials by the lecturers.

The lecture method is particularly applicable to this chapter since it takes into consideration that the class is usually unprepared in the first lesson; also the material itself is a little "disjointed" and lends itself well to treatment by several lecturers. The techniques of the lecture method have been given rather than an organization of the four speeches into outlines to be lectured

om, inasmuch as the leaders should aster such techniques; and also ey should apply these in organiz- g their own *personal* outlines from hich to speak.

HE LECTURE METHOD

. The requisites to teaching by the lecture method are:

A. Thorough preparation by the lecturer which consists of:

1. Selection of the aims which he wishes to accomplish by means of his lecture.
2. Gathering the most pertinent factual material that will accomplish those aims in an interesting and forceful manner.
3. Choosing of the most appropriate illustrations, anecdotes, examples, humor, phrases and so forth, to give concreteness and color to the factual materials and thereby engage the attention and excite the interest of the listeners.
4. Organization of all materials into a well-ordered, logical but brief outline from which to speak. The lecturer should be so familiar with the subject matter pertaining to his topic that he will neither need nor want more than such an outline. Too many points should not be attempted in one lecture.

B. Attractive presentation of the lecture by:

1. Speaking (not reading or repeating from memory) in a natural, easy, interested, personal, conversational style, to the listeners.
2. Assuming a comfortable and pleasing body posture.
3. Getting immediately into the lecture (or planned introduction of it) without monotonous and wasteful explanations and random remarks.
4. Adhering to the outline to the extent that the listeners will have a clear-cut idea of the points presented.
5. Staying within the time limits set for the lecture.
6. Concluding the lecture with some sort of very brief summary of the main points, and a plea for action on the part of the audience when the lecture has for one of the aims a change in the interests, appreciations, desires or habits of the group.

II. Some common abuses of the lecture method are:

A. Lack of preparation on any or all points listed as necessary to thorough readiness. One has no right to seek inspiration without preceding it with the utmost efforts toward preparation.

Especially is lack of adequate preparation odious when it is accompanied by acknowledgements of and explanations about it. The lecturer need not call attention to such an inadequacy—it will be obvious all too soon to his listeners.

B. Reading the speech or reciting it from memory.

C. Speaking in an affected or monotonous style.

D. Rehashing materials that the audience knows and understands perfectly. New facts, illustrations and so forth must be brought in to support familiar materials.

E. Employing the lecture method too frequently or at times when another method would be better.

F. Speaking beyond the time limit — especially if the audience is asleep already.

If class leaders use this suggestive material in the preparation of the lesson it is urged that after the lesson has been given they check that which happened with that which was planned. In this way class leaders may become more fully aware of wherein they succeeded and wherein they failed.

Visiting Teachers' Messages To The Home

Lesson 1

Expressions of Faith

(Tuesday, October 7, 1941)

"WITHOUT faith," says the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews (11:6), "it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

President Joseph F. Smith, commenting on this principle, says: "First, then, it is necessary to have faith in God. Faith is the first principle of revealed religion, the foundation of all righteousness." (*Gospel Doctrine*, p. 20)

This principle is one of the greatest needs of humanity. It is particularly needful today when the world is full of hate, fear, and insecurity. A deep confidence in a Heavenly Father, who loves His children and watches over them and will hear their prayers, gives a sense of spiritual security that banishes fear and forms the basis of courage and hope to meet life in all its prosperity and adversity with poise and inner peace. Faith is essential to the strongest personality.

Faith is the foundation of all action. It must be expressed in deeds. The *Bible* says: "Even so, faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." (James 2:17) A sincere faith in God and in the teachings of Christ leads to obedience to these teachings.

Jesus admonished us to love the Lord with all our hearts and our neighbor as ourselves. If all men had sufficient faith even to attempt sincerely to put this commandment into action, what a different world we would have today!

Faith is not passive, but dynamic. It becomes stronger through expression. At the close of the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus said: "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock." (Matthew 7:24-25)

Questions For Discussion

1. In what specific ways can faith be expressed?
2. Can a person have faith and never express it in words or deeds?
3. Give suggestions on how to introduce this message in the home.
4. What definite points of the subject would you wish to emphasize so as to leave an impression of them in the home visited?
5. Judged by "faith if it hath not works is dead," how can I justify my faith if I give no service?

Work-and-Business

Better Buymanship

Lesson 1

The Consumer Movement

(Tuesday, October 14, 1941)

"SHOPPING" has, to a large extent, replaced many older household activities. Each purchaser is confronted with the problem of locating at a fair price the article which possesses the combination of qualities that will best fit the consumer's needs. Many poor purchases are made because the consumer does not know definitely what he wishes before he goes shopping. Other problems face the consumer, such as high-pressure salesmanship, exaggerated advertising, and a lack of standardization and adequate labeling. With so many needs, how can consumers make their inadequate salaries meet all of the requirements of the modern world? With so many articles to choose from, how can they possibly choose the ones which will best fit their needs at a price they can afford to pay?

Consumers are recognizing existing problems, and so we find today numerous organizations and millions of people engaged in fostering what is known as the "Consumers' Movement." Schools are including consumer education classes in their curriculums. Manufacturers and retailers have set up testing laboratories and educational divisions. Groups have been organized to exert pressure for consumer legislation. The Government has formed new agencies and included in the duties of already established departments the responsibility of aiding the consuming public. In 1937, the National Consumers and Retailers' Council was organized in an attempt to bring together consumers and retailers to work out some of the problems presenting themselves. What has caused the Consumers' Movement? Where is it headed, and what are the responsibilities of consumers?

In the beginning, each home was its own manufacturing plant. Family members knew where their clothes and food came from and how they were produced. The few articles which they could not make at home were secured by a process of exchange with their neighbors. Changes came slowly, so that buying experience and knowledge of qualities and values were accumulated and passed on from one generation to the next.

Later, the space widened between the maker and the user. Producers no longer had direct contact with the consumer. Salesmen and merchants asked for goods with appearance rather than performance value. The Machine Age was here with its expansion of industrial centers and a very changed pattern of life. Competition on the part of manufacturers and retailers resulted in advertising which, if not untrue, was often misleading and exaggerated. People bought unthinkingly, recklessly.

It took the depression of 1929 to

make consumers conscious of the fact that they must buy wisely or waste money. Made more curious by the proximity of industry but lacking in knowledge of what goes into merchandise, lacking yardsticks with which to judge serviceability, consumers found themselves in the unenviable position of being unable to judge values. It was almost impossible to obtain simple, honest, and practical buying information.

EVERY article includes raw materials, labor, and design, which are combined in various proportions. One material may have beauty, but little durability. One may have durability, but little beauty. Another may have both, yet all may cost the same or be of various prices depending on who is selling them, how expensive they look, and where they are being sold. But since a thing becomes the best for one person only when it fits his or her particular needs, no one except the ultimate consumer can check all points.

To select the best with the money available requires the cooperation of the consumer, producer, and merchant. The consumer has acquired many poor shopping habits. She follows the prevailing mode and makes purchases without first carefully considering her needs. It is often easier and a timesaver to patronize the store that offers the most conveniences and services, without realizing that these very services increase the price of the article being purchased. It is easy to depend on another's advice or opinion instead of using one's own judgment when making a purchase. Advertising and price rather than value exert their influence on choice. The consumer needs to recognize and correct these poor habits.

The secret of successful buying is to judge values and to remember that an unnecessary or unsuitable garment is never inexpensive regardless of how small the amount you pay for it. However, help is needed to judge values. Touch, sight, and price are losing their usefulness. In fact, many times they may lead a person astray; and so we hear of demands made for labeling of merchandise. Honest producers are trying to meet consumer demands, but many unscrupulous producers of poor, defective merchandise see their downfall in the labeling program ahead.

Much of the labeling at the present time is too technical, some of it only half truth, and much of it is of no use. "The woman wants simple, understandable information. She wants to know what is in the article, how it will perform in use, and how it must be cared for." The consumer is asking for labels. Labels are being placed on merchandise, and the consumer must learn to understand and evaluate them. This promises to be the consumers' next big job.

Everyone needs to recognize consumer-buying as one of his personal problems. From ten to twenty-five percent of one's earnings are spent on clothing and on textile furnishings for the house. Any saving means that this saving may be spent for other purposes. In order to be economical in this respect, the consumer needs to know how to select and buy different qualities of textiles, how to recognize the ones best adapted to his use, and how to obtain the greatest service from the

brics and wearing apparel purased. With these ideas in mind, e remaining lessons of this course ll be so presented as to give some sic facts necessary for the undernding, wise selection, and care of othing, which may help to stretch e clothing budget.

Suggested Activities

1. Collect advertisements from the newspapers and magazines. Analyze them as to content that would really help to determine the value of an article.

2. Each member bring to meeting an article of clothing that was a good or poor buy, and be prepared to tell why.

Literature

Humor In Life And Literature

Lesson 1

Introduction

(Tuesday, October 21, 1941)

"Humor in a world of waning beliefs reminds one of Pandora's box which, after all e evils of the gods had flown out from it upon the world, still had hope safely inside. st as hope makes it possible for men to endure the evils of life, so humor sustains the dividual in a world of disillusion."

Objective: To see that humor is an integral part of literature and of life and to cognize the value of placing it in our literature study this year.

esson *Topics*:

1. The relation between literature and life
2. Brief reference to the literature of the preceding courses
3. Reasons for the choice of humor for this course
4. Values of humor to Relief Society women

he Relation Between Literature nd Life

Literature not only reflects life, ut it helps to mold it. We have een in previous lessons that literture is a record of people—their apearance, their characters, their nodes of life. Through books we earn how people through the ages ave lived, what they have thought nd dreamed; we see wherein they ave failed and triumphed in their struggles with the forces around them. But literature does more than paint a picture of life as it is. At its best, it shows us also life as it *should* be, as we would like to have it. In other words, there is something of the idealism toward which humanity is ever slowly striving woven into this record of life. One writer says: "Literature is a record of the best that has been thought and said in the world." Shelley once wrote: "It exceeds all imagination to conceive what would have been the moral condition of the world if the poets had never been born."

Brief Reference to the Literature of Preceding Courses

It has been the purpose of preceding courses in this department

to help the members of the Relief Society broaden their understanding of life by sharing the experiences of great writers.

Reasons For the Choice of Humor For This Course

The intellectual, ethical and spiritual values found in serious literature stand out even more sharply through the contrast of elevated humorous writing. *Neither life nor literature is all serious.* How fortunate we are to have sunshine as well as shadow, day as well as night, joy as well as sorrow, laughter as well as tears.

How fortunate we are to have humor. It is like the seasoning in our food: we wouldn't want it as an entire diet, but how much better life is for enough humor to make us relish it. Just as a meal would be flat and tasteless without salt and sugar and flavoring in the various dishes, so life would be flat and uninteresting without mirth and laughter.

Since our literature lessons aim to give us broad and varied experiences, they would not be complete without the subject of humor being considered.

Stephen Leacock in writing of humor says that few people know anything about it. He laments that it is left completely out of the program of self-improvement, and points out that a man will work hard on such things as a game of golf, trying to improve his stroke, but he never tries to improve his sense of humor, or practices telling a funny story or even reads a book on how to tell one—which is much more important. He says that colleges teach courses in everything else, but they have never even thought of this subject. He thinks the reason for this is that it has been taken for granted that humor either *is* or *is not;* that the art of amusing speech cannot be imparted; that the humorous outlook cannot be acquired. He says that otherwise parents would try to give their children at least a "high school standard of fun." He goes on to suggest outlines for courses in humor, stating that humor would not mean teaching people to make fun of things, but teaching them to better understand life, since humor at its highest is a part of the interpretation of life.

There are several reasons why this seems to be the logical time to introduce this phase of literature into the literature department. Three years have been devoted to a study of the novel, and some of our books have been heavy reading. Doubtless later a number of years will be devoted to some other type of serious literature. This alone would justify this digression to a lighter form.

There is, however, even a greater justification for the change. The tension and stress of the times through which we are passing is so great that we need to do all we can to keep ourselves from breaking under the strain of worry and dread. Humor should help to give the relief we so much need.

Great tragedians realize the necessity for comic relief in their drama. After a scene of deep tragedy, the tone is shifted to humor or to a lighter mood for a short time. The mind and the heart cannot endure too much of horror and grief.

Certainly there have been few acts in the drama of human existence which have had greater tension of

eart and soul than the one in prog-ss. There was never a more urgent eed for relief from the weight of orld calamity.

Furthermore, humor in literature id life has at any time many values. is a definite and dignified part of terature—as important as any other hase. It reflects a part of life; ence, a study of it helps us to have more complete view of the world which we live. It also serves as weapon to help us combat diffi-ulties. How often humor has verted tragedy, transformed a ood, or changed the tone of an ntire day. In literature, considered s a whole, as in life, it serves, like ne highlights in a painting, to bring ut the values of the whole compo-tion, to intensify the values of ther types of literature and of other pes of experience in life.

Humor is often used as a very ffective means of reform. Chaucer sed it in his day to improve condi-ons. Dickens and many others ave done the same. When man-ind is led to laugh at its follies, it o longer persists in them. Illustra-ons from Dickens will make the oint more clear. In practically ev-ry novel he wrote, he aimed at some ocial reform.

In *Bleak House* he denounces in-iscriminate foreign charities carried n by people who neglect their du-es at home. He depicts Mrs. Jella-y sitting in her slovenly home, her eglected children falling down-tairs and getting into all sorts of redicaments, while she spends her ime writing reams of letters about oor natives thousands of miles way. He exposes the evils of pri-ate schools through such half-comic haracters as Mr. Squeers, cracking his cane at the wretched little boys as he sends them to "clean the w-i-n-d-e-r-s." The humor, in this instance very grim, lies in the hideous incongruity of the treatment of the students by Mr. and Mrs. Squeers as compared to the parental treatment they pretend to give.

Humor also serves as an effective vehicle for philosophy. Philosophic observations of the heroine of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, of David Harum in the novel, *David Harum*, and of other well-known literary characters impress us and remain with us because of the humor with which they are expressed. It is the wit in many of the epigramatic couplets of Pope which fasten them indelibly in the memory and cause him to be so frequently quoted. Some of his couplets follow; they are witty if not wholly humorous:

"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
No doubt our wiser sons will think us so."

. . . . .

"'Tis with our judgment as with our watches;
No two go just alike; yet each believes his own."

. . . . .

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

. . . . .

Speaking to Silence, Pope says:

"But could thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How Church and State should be obliged to thee!"

(The last quoted couplet has been frequently used by President Heber J. Grant.)

Values of Humor to Relief Society Women

In life, humor is even more es-

sential to give balance and completeness than in literature. One writer declares that a nation that loses its sense of humor may continue to advance toward the over-ripeness of decadent art, but loses the virility of literary invention. Stephen Leacock says that appreciation of humor is the barbarian's first step toward civilization. It has been called the essence of the mind that distinguishes civilized man from the savage.

Humor has been an essential element in the lives of great men. Lincoln, as will be pointed out in a later lesson, used it to relieve the tension of his strenuous administration. Before making important decisions on matters of state, he was in the habit of spending a few moments with one of his favorite humorists.

To know what you are laughing at and why you laugh has been called wisdom. The following illustrates this statement: "Who are they bearing the bright lights?" asked the philosopher of the vision that appeared to him in a dream. "Humor and wisdom," the vision answered. "And where did they light their lamps?" "At the flame of eternal truth."

People with a sense of humor are usually the cheerful, happy individuals who get more out of life than those who lack it. Their contribution to the world cannot be overestimated. Stevenson declares, "There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. . . . I do not wish to pay for tears anywhere but on the stage; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He is a radiating focus of good will; and his entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted."

So, humorous writers light candles for us as they bring happiness and laughter into days which would otherwise be grim. One such writer was Robert Burns. Burns was adored by his own countrymen not only because he gave them, through his poetry, an outlet to their emotions, but also because he made them laugh, just as he still amuses us today. His poem, "To A Louse," has become a literary classic.

TO A LOUSE

(On seeing one on a lady's bonnet in church)

"Ha Whaur ye gaun, ye Crowlin' ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly,
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Tho! faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

"Ye ugly creepin', blastit wonner
Detested, shunn'd by Saint and Sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her—
Sae fine a lady?
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body."

The poet goes on to advise the louse to go to some beggar where it may creep and crawl with "ither kindred jumping cattle in shoals and nations." Then he watches it as, hidden by the trimming of a lady's hat, it climbs upward.

"Na, faith ye yet!
Ye'll no be right till ye've got on it—
The verra tapmost, tow'rin' height
O' Miss's bonnet.

. . . .

"O Jeany, dina toss your head,

n' set your beauties a' abread!
'e little kin what cursed speed
'he blastie's makin'!
'hae winks an' finger-ends,
dread
Are notice takin'.

) wad some power the giftie gie us
'o see ourself as ithers see us;
t wad frae many a blunder free us
An' foolish notion!
What airs in dress an' gait
Wad leave us, and ev'n devotion!"

(Suggestion: If possible, have this read someone who is familiar with Scotch ılect.)

The humor of one of our own nurch members, J. Golden Kimll, has given pleasure to thousands. e will long be remembered and ved because of the wholesome ughter his stories and his manner telling them brought to his hear-s. His biography, which records any of his witty sayings, is probab- available to Relief Society mem-rs.

Opie Reid says: "Humor is a gen- warning that keeps dignity from coming ridiculous." Certainly eryone has seen instances that il-strate that point, situations which ve been or might have been saved a sense of humor. A biographer Thomas Hood wrote that Hood as blessed with a rare gift, a sense humor, and he continued, "A nse of humor is the best balance all the faculties of man, the best curity against the pride of knowl-ge and the conceits of the imag-ation, the strongest inducement submit with a wise and pious tience to the vicissitudes of human istence. Humor is as immortal as uth."

"Mirth is God's medicine," says Henry Ward Beecher. "He who has a sense of the humorous has more than wealth."

The great objective of the course is to help the members to realize that humor is an essential part of literature and a vital element in successful and happy living; that a sense of humor is a precious and saving characteristic which can be, at least to some extent, cultivated.

Problems and Projects

1. Discuss means by which the course may be made of practical value.

2. Some in the group may be interested in making a scrapbook of humor. It could include not only anecdotes and bits of humorous verse and philosophy, but references to humorous essays, fables, stories, etc. Also there might be an effort to collect humor from the community — quaint sayings of children, traditional humorous stories of the older members of the community. If members do not care to do this as an individual activity, perhaps enough would be interested to form a committee to make such a book for the class from contributions of the interested members. Opportunity may be found for presentation of some of the choicest bits of humor collected.

3. Perhaps some members would care to write humor—verse, story, etc.—and share it with the others.

4. Discuss ways by which humor can be employed to make a happier home life for Relief Society members and their families. Have members give illustrations from personal experiences.

Supplementary Reading List

Carolyn Wells, *An Outline of Humor.*

Stephen Leacock, *Humor and Humanity.*

Stephen Leacock, *Humor, Its Theory and Technique.*

"Laughter, Tonic for the Tired—Medicine for the Miserable," *Hygeia* 16:314-16.

Fosdick, "Living For the Fun of It," *American Magazine*, April, 1930.

Social Science

Foundations Of Successful Marriage

Lesson 1

What It Means To Be Successfully Married

(Tuesday, October 28, 1941)

Objective: To develop the thought that happiness is the measure of successful marriage, and by a review of past lessons and a preview of those to come to suggest some of the things necessary to the attainment of this goal.

MARRIAGE is the common experience of mankind. Each of us either has been, or will likely be, a member of two different families in his lifetime—the first as a child, the second as a parent. Marriage is an essential part of our total life, and we are bound by its influence at all times, from birth until death, and even after. If we look backward we see the marriages of our forefathers which made us possible, and if we look ahead we see our own marriage relationships which hold the keys to progression and joy throughout eternity.

This is likely so because God intended it that way. After the creation of man, He said, "It is not good that man should be alone," and so He created woman to be man's "helpmeet" and companion. Associations between men and women on this earth have always been sought after, and they have often resulted in some of the most lofty and sublime joys that it is possible for humans to obtain. It is natural for men and women to be attracted to each other and to seek the normal relationships of marriage and family life. It is natural also for marriage and family life, when properly conducted, to bring genuine satisfaction, happiness, and joy to those who participate.

Successful Marriage

What does it mean to be successfully married? We have already hinted at the answer: a successful marriage is one that is truly happy. "Man is that he might have joy." The very purpose of life is the attainment of happiness, or joy. All of man's struggles are built around his hope for happiness, and the degree of happiness he obtains is the best measure we have of the success or failure of his efforts.

To be successfully married, then, means to be happily married. But happiness is a relative thing; therefore, he who is most happy may be said to be most successful. Pleasure of a personal or selfish sort often deprives one of a higher happiness or joy and thus leads to failure. Liquor, for example, though it may give passing pleasure to the one who drinks, usually makes for unhappiness in the home. Happiness begins with self-control.

Furthermore, the pursuit of happiness is a cooperative adventure. No one can be happy alone. A successful family is one in which all members are privileged to share in the common bond of happiness, and each is able to reinforce the individual happiness of each of the others.

But happiness comes from growth and the opportunity for growth. No

ıe enjoys himself so thoroughly as ɜ who is struggling and achieving. ıternal joy is the reward for eternal rogression.

Answering our question in a little fferent way, then, we may say that successful marriage is a marriage ıat results in a family of vibrant ɜrsonalities, free to develop accord-ıg to their needs under the help ıd encouragement of others, and ıoroughly happy in the process.

There have been a number of re-ɜnt studies on the extent of hap-ıness in marriage. From a sample f 7412 marriages, Richard O. Lang ɔund that 72 percent were rated as ıppy by persons who knew the ɔuples well and only 9 percent were ıted as definitely unhappy.[1] Kath-rine B. Davis made a study of 1000 ıarried women and found that 87 ɜrcent of them reported their mar-ıges as happy and only 12 percent s unhappy.[2] Burgess and Cottrell ɔund that 63 percent of the 526 ɔuples they studied were happy in ıarriage and only about 21 percent ɜre unhappy.[3] These and similar tudies show that according to the pinions of married couples and ıeir friends the majority of mar-ıges are happy. This is indeed an ncouraging sign; but we must be ıreful, just the same, not to let the ppearance of happiness among the ıajority blind us to the facts of ıarriage failure among the few. It s good that marriages are generally uccessful, but, even so, the fact that rom 9 to 21 percent of them are unhappy presents a problem that cannot be overlooked.

Unfortunately, the associations between men and women are not always pleasant. Marriage does not always result in happiness. Sometimes marriage fails, and when it does the result can only be unhappiness and misery for those involved. Some of the deepest and most lasting satisfactions of life come from the institution of marriage, but so also do some of the most disturbing and saddening experiences. Figuratively speaking, marriage can either lift a person to heaven or drag him to hell. Potentially marriage means happiness, and often, too, that happiness is achieved, but the sad thing is that in many cases it is not achieved, and misery takes its place.

One has only to look around him to see abundant evidence of the breakdown of marriage and of the untold human suffering following in its path. Misunderstanding, bewilderment, heartaches, tears, bitterness, jealousy, hatred—all of these and more are common in human experience, too common in fact. In 1930 there was approximately one divorce for every six marriages in this country, with the divorce rate continuing to increase. In addition to divorce, many families are broken up through separation or desertion; many more are living in a state of unhappiness, although holding together out of consideration for the children or because of the stigma or expense of divorce. Many of us know families like these personally, and those of us who do not are nevertheless made fully aware of the problem through books, magazines, newspapers, gossip, and the like. Broken homes, together with quarreling and

[1] Hornell Hart and Ella B. Hart, *Personality and the Family*, p. 211.
[2] Ibid, p. 212.
[3] E. W. Burgess and L. S. Cottrell, *Predicting Success or Failure in Marriage*, p. 4.

other conflict situations in homes that do not actually break up, give striking proof of the reality of marriage failure.

We do not want to exaggerate the problem. But, on the other hand, neither do we want to minimize it, for to do so would be to shirk a responsibility and to lose an opportunity for service. The happiness that comes from successful marriage is within the reach of everyone. The fact that some have failed to attain this happiness should only serve to stimulate us to greater effort. What can we do?

Preparation for Marriage

There are many things that might be done to help stabilize the family and to make marriage successful in the full sense of the word. Some of these things have already been suggested in earlier lessons and others are to follow throughout the year. But first and foremost of them all is the idea of preparation for marriage.

Too many people enter matrimony without sufficient foresight or training for the problems and responsibilities that lie ahead. Love is not blind, as some foolishly believe it to be, but rather it is the reward of understanding and effort. When people believe love to be something instinctive or blind, they are often blinded by this very belief. Love is something that grows and deepens with the adjustment that two people are able to make to each other, and intelligent preparation for marriage is the first step in this adjustment.

Preparation for marriage starts before birth and continues on throughout life. It involves first of all good heredity, then good home and community training, then successful courtship, and finally adjustment and growth throughout the duration of the marriage contract. The early habit training of the growing infant or the courting behavior of the adolescent youth are equally as important to successful marriage as are the conscious efforts during marriage to play the game. Marriage fails sometimes because of inferior hereditary background, sometimes because of family personality traits that can be laid to early training, sometimes because of unwise courtship behavior or an unfortunate choice of a mate, sometimes because of an unwillingness to cooperate or to do one's part in marriage, and sometimes to other factors, or a combination of several. But always, where marriage fails, there has been inadequate preparation on the part of someone.

Successful marriage requires more study and effort today than at any other period in the history of mankind. This is because of both the complexity of modern society, which has weakened the family in many ways, and the somewhat artificial environment within which many children are now reared. In regard to the first, it can be observed that the family is not now as simple and all-inclusive as it used to be. It now has to compete with a number of other agencies—such as the school, the place of employment, and recreational centers—for the time and attention of its members. This means, of course, that there isn't as much in the home to hold it together as formerly, and, consequently, there is an even greater need for special effort or preparation. In re-

ard to the second point, it can be bserved that in the days when famies were large and were mostly on he farm, training was somewhat pontaneous and natural. Being ose to nature, children picked up sufficient knowledge of sex without much formal instruction, and ving in a large family group they arned to sacrifice, to cooperate, and o perform the necessary household asks. But not so today. With a ecrease in the average size of the mily and with an increase of the rban environment, it becomes inreasingly necessary to put forth conious effort in preparation for marage.

The Relief Society is attempting o do its part in meeting this great eed, as is shown by the present eries of lessons on foundations for uccessful marriage. It is realized, of ourse, that most of the Relief Soiety sisters are already married, and hat in many cases their children ave all married and moved away. But it is still felt that they have need or education in family life. Everyne has. The younger sisters will ave children and adolescent youths f their own with whom to deal, and n understanding of the problems f childhood and youth will help hem prepare these children for sucessful marriage in years to come. In ddition to this, they should themelves benefit directly through studyng and planning and thus laying he foundations for success in their wn marriages from day to day. The lder sisters should also receive direct benefit in most cases, but aside rom this they are in an excellent osition to help others—children, randchildren, or friends. Marriage, s Latter-day Saints know it, is eternal; but, even so, making it succeed is no simple task. There is need for the interest and efforts of everyone, regardless of age or the stage of the family cycle he or she happens to be in.

Points From Previous Lessons

You who have followed the "Education for Family Life" series in the *Relief Society Magazine* for the last three years have come in contact with over twenty different lessons dealing with the modern family. These have been written for the purpose of helping you to better understand the family, so that you can live more successfully yourselves and can help your children and others to obtain greater happiness in family life. You have learned that the modern family is not always as successful as it should be, and you have been given a number of thoughts or suggestions for understanding and improving life in the home. Among those thoughts were the following:

1. Approach family problems patiently, tolerantly, and intelligently.

2. Recognize and understand the fundamental differences between the natures of men and women, and try to build up a complementary cooperation with each other based upon these differences.

3. Put forth a conscious effort to make family life successful; cooperate, avoid the little things that may hurt or irritate, forgive and forget, be cheerful and helpful, et cetera.

4. Grow up emotionally. In other words, cultivate unselfishness, broadmindedness, and tolerance for the other person. Feel a responsibility toward your mate.

5. Make the home a place in which all of its members can feel secure and can have ample opportunity for personal growth.

6. Try to understand the problems of your children at all ages, adapt yourself to their changing needs, help them over difficulties, and train them for faith, in-

telligence, health, self-control, responsibility, et cetera.

7. Base family government upon democracy, obedience, and respect. The "Family Council Plan" was suggested in this connection.

8. Cultivate and maintain a religious atmosphere in the home.

9. Handle the family pocketbook in line with a budget plan, and in such a way that both the responsibilities and the rights of all are recognized.

These are only a few of the many suggestions for making family life successful that you have read or discussed during the past three years. But this brief review may help to tie them all together into a broad overall picture. Then, perhaps, this general picture can well serve as the background for the new series of lessons just beginning.

Conclusions

This is the first of a series of lessons entitled, "Foundation for Successful Marriage." The series will be based upon the belief that the primary measure of successful marriage is happiness, the happiness of all based upon the cooperative development of all. Many marriages fail to reach this ideal, which calls forth a need for such study courses as this to help prepare or lay foundations for successful marriage. But the foundations do not start with the marriage ceremony itself; they reach deeper into the courtship, into the childhood, and into the hereditary backgrounds of those involved. The problem of successful marriage is essentially the same as the problem of successful life. Next month we will discuss "The Heritage of the Home" as a foundation for successful marriage; from there we will go on to the foundations that are laid in courtship, and finally we will discuss the problems of marriage itself.

Problems and Projects

1. About one out of every ten adults in this country goes through life without ever marrying. Do you think his chances for happiness in life are better or worse than those who marry? Give your reasons.

2. What, in your opinion, are the major reasons for failure in marriage?

3. Of all the married couples you know, about what proportion would you say are successfully married? What do these families have that those you consider unsuccessful do not have; do they have more money, more prestige, more love and happiness, or what; in other words, what is a successful marriage?

4. What are the main points that you remember from earlier lessons on "Education for Family Life" discussed during the last three years? Can you add to the list given in this lesson?

5. Why is preparation necessary for successful marriage? Is it any more necessary today than in earlier times? Why? When should preparation start? When should it stop? What practical value do you see in a study course such as this one?

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Mission Lessons

Latter-day Saint Hymns

(For optional use of missions in lieu of Literature)

Lesson 1

(Tuesday, October 21, 1941)

THE MORNING BREAKS, THE SHADOWS FLEE

The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled.
The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world.

The clouds of error disappear
Before the rays of truth divine;
The glory bursting from afar,
Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.

The Gentile fulness now comes in,
And Israel's blessings are at hand;
Lo! Judah's remnant, cleansed from sin,
Shall in their promised Canaan stand.

Jehovah speaks! let earth give ear,
And Gentile nations turn and live;
His mighty arm is making bare,
His cov'nant people to receive.

Angels from heav'n and truth from earth
Have met, and both have record borne;
Thus Zion's light is bursting forth,
To bring her ransomed children home.

—*Parley P. Pratt.*

PARLEY PARKER PRATT was born in New York State on April 12, 1807. He came from a line of ancestry that had been in America for nearly two hundred years. In early manhood he went to Ohio with a few books, took up some land in the wilderness, built him a house of logs, returned to his home town to marry, then took his wife back to Ohio with him, and there read and studied and worked, preaching to his neighbors meanwhile from the *Bible*, which he believed he understood better than they did.

All this, of course, was before the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in April, 1830.

In Ohio, Parley P. Pratt joined the Church of the Disciples, or Campbellite Church, brought into existence by Alexander Campbell. The preacher who converted the young man was Sidney Rigdon, a noted evangelist. Feeling that he knew much about the *Bible* and that he could express himself well, Mr. Pratt decided to give up farming and study for the ministry. So he sold out his holdings in Ohio and went, with his wife, back to New York, where he intended to enter a seminary.

When, however, he reached the vicinity of Rochester, New York, he was strongly impressed to stay there for a time. He sent his wife on to the old home, with the intention of

following her later. Thinking that his impression concerned his preaching of the gospel, he made some appointments for meetings.

One day, he ran upon a copy of a new book. It was called the *Book of Mormon*. Someone told him the story of its origin and something about its contents. He was greatly interested. That night he read as much of it as he could, and was even more interested. The next morning he set out for the place where the new prophet, Joseph Smith, was staying. After a conversation with some of the Church leaders in Fayette, he was baptized and forthwith ordained an elder, an office in the Priesthood which authorized him to preach and to administer the ordinances of the Faith.

This was in the fall of 1830, a few months after the organization of the Church.

From this time on till his tragic death twenty-seven years later, he devoted himself heart and soul to the task of spreading the Gospel by tongue and pen. His little book, *The Voice of Warning*, and his *Key to Theology* have been read by millions. In 1835 he was chosen one of the Twelve Apostles.

Elder Pratt had two very unusual gifts. He was an eloquent public speaker, and he was a talented writer of both prose and poetry. In the song book, *Latter-day Saint Hymns*, there are thirty-eight of his hymns and songs. He was the most prolific song writer in the Church. It was fortunate, if not even providential, that Parley P. Pratt came upon the scene at so early a date.

WE do not know exactly when the poem "The Morning Breaks, the Shadows Flee" was written. It appears for the first time in *The Millennial Star*, in 1840. The *Star* was a Church periodical published in England, of which Elder Pratt was the founder and first editor.

The poem was written, as the author himself tells us of his poems generally, out of "the melting strains of joy and admiration [wonder] in contemplating the approaching dawn of that glorious day which shall crown the earth and its inhabitants with universal peace and rest."

That sentence gives the motive of the poem. There had been a long night of spiritual darkness, during which men could only grope for the light, and now the sun of truth was just rising upon the world. God had again spoken to man through a prophet. Great events were about to take place preparatory to the second coming of Christ and the reign of our Lord on the earth. It is difficult for us who have become used to the ideas and the ideals of the Church to realize the enthusiasm with which the first members of the organization hailed this dawn of spiritual truth.

The best poetry is full of images. It suggests pictures to the mind. We see. Accordingly this poem makes a series of clear sketches on the wall of the mind. In the first stanza, for instance, there comes before the mind the picture of a man at daybreak pulling a flag up to the top of a flagpole, with the approaching light in the background. In the second stanza, we see the clouds gradually disappearing before the rays of this new sun, which "bursts" over the world. The third stanza presents a huge gathering of people

nding on an elevated piece of ound, cleansed from sin and, there- re, joyful. Then, in the fourth nza, we hear a voice, to which tions listen, and Jehovah's arm is tended to receive His people. In e final stanza, angels descend from ove, and truth, in the form of a ok, comes out of the earth.

This finishes a series of pictures, ch part of which is representative. ne light comes, the clouds move ay, the people are happy, the voice ters truth, and angels visit the rth again.

MANY great and important events are referred to in the hymn hich mean much to Latter-day ints:

First, there is the restoration of e Gospel through the Prophet Jos- h. That came through the visita- n to him of heavenly messengers. his new revelation made many ings clear that were obscure be- re. Second, there is the gathering Israel, especially the tribe of phraim, into the Church of the rstborn, and of the Jews to Pal- tine. Third, there is the idea that e Gospel must be preached to the entiles first and then to the Jews a reversal of the process in the hristian dispensation. Finally, ere is the idea, in the fourth stanza, at this spiritual light will have a rative value on the nations of the rth; they shall "turn and live."

Such, then, is the poem, "The lorning Breaks, the Shadows Flee." t the same time that it presents to some images, pictures, scenes that e in themselves beautiful, it gives a sweeping view of the great lat- r-day work—the revelation of it nd its principal events.

IN the main, Mormonism, as it is called, is a restoration. In this movement the Priesthood has been restored through the ancient Apostles, Peter, James and John; the Church of Christ has been established again with all its principles and ordinances; the Jews are to be gathered to Palestine; Zion, or the New Jerusalem, is to be built, so that the word of the Lord shall go forth from Jerusalem and the law from Zion; and a flood of light has been thrown on the "plan of life and salvation," the "everlasting covenant," by which both men and nations will be saved if they will but accept it.

It is this vast, wonderful plan that Parley P. Pratt had in mind when he composed this beautiful hymn. Some poetry is merely beautiful, but this poem, while full of beauty, has meaning as well. A great novelist says that a story to be in the highest class must throw light on something. This song by Elder Pratt does this; it lights up the purposes of God in the "last days."

Questions

1. Select from this poem the stanza you consider the most beautiful and then memorize it. It is a wholesome thing to be able to recite poetry. Maybe you can memorize the entire hymn.

2. How many distinct pictures do you have from this poem? Can you see the images clearly? You may add some details of your own in order to complete the picture.

3. Now change the pictures to thoughts. What does *dawn* here spoken of mean? the clouds? The arm and voice are whose?

4. Tell the details of Elder Pratt's life.

5. What distinct movements, or events, are mentioned here? Tell about each.

Directions For Popcorn Cake And Rainbo Paper Logs

(Mentioned at Relief Society General Conference, Work Department, April 2, 19

Emma G. Phillips, President, Liberty Stake Relief Society

POPCORN CAKE

⅔ cup white Karo corn syrup
2 cups sugar
⅔ cup boiling water
2 teas. cream of tartar
2 tb. vinegar
2 tb. melted butter
2 teas. vanilla
⅛ teas. baking soda

Bring to a boil syrup, water, vinegar, sugar and cream of tartar. Boil until it a good thread. Remove from fire and add baking soda, butter and vanilla. Pour syrup over 7 quarts of popped, unsalted popcorn. Stir and pack solidly into a spo cake mold, preferably one with a removable bottom. Work rapidly and fill in remai holes with popcorn until the top looks like a sponge cake. Cool, unmold and candle in the center. The outside may be trimmed with candy hearts or gumdrop using additional syrup. Cut like a cake and serve. Especially good for child parties.

RAINBOW PAPER LOGS

2 lbs. rock salt
2 lbs. copper sulphate
25 cents worth strontium nitrate

(This produces a blue flame, but if a red and blue flame is desired then 25 c worth of barium is added to the above.)

Pour 2½ gallons of hot water over the above ingredients. This solution is prepared in a five-gallon crock jar.

Prepare the newspaper by rolling each sheet of paper very tightly and tying same. The length of the completed log would be the width of the newspaper. The sec of a good log lies in the rolling of each sheet of paper very tightly and tying. Individ rolls of paper would be finally tied all together to form the size of the log desired.

The end of the finished newspaper log would then be immersed in the soluti and soaked thoroughly and then reversed. The log must then be thoroughly dr before it will be ready to burn in the fireplace.

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Robert Louis Stevenson.

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